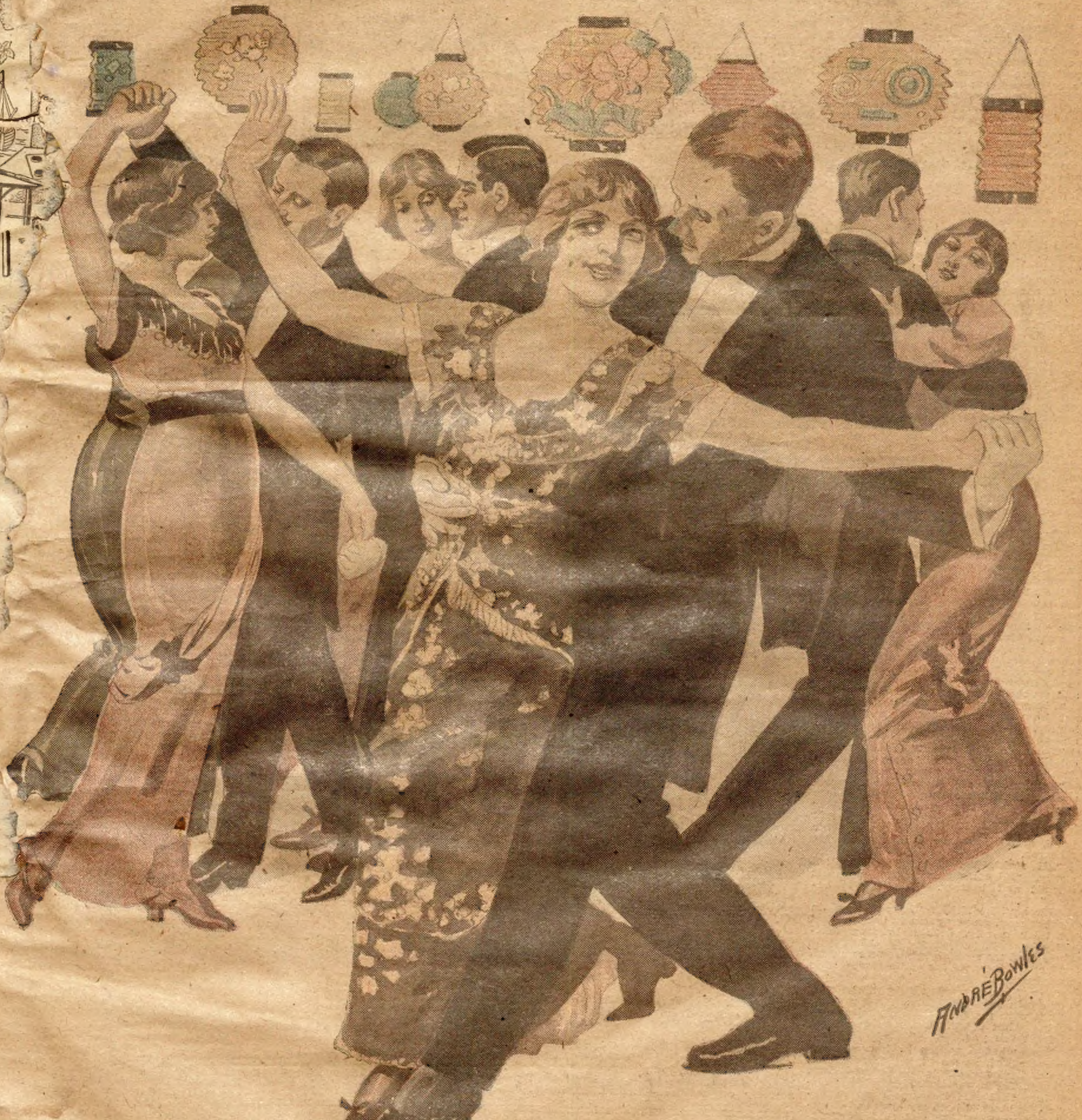
1,200,000 COPIES EACH WEEK

CHICAGO LEDGER

OL. XLII, NO. 2. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1914. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS



The Tango

THE GREEN PLAGUE

By EARL H. EMMONS

SOMEHOW the club was even more than ordinarily tiresome this evening, and I quit it at last in disgust. There was Drake, as usual, with his idiotic jokes, Denman and his fool fish story, Willoughby with his detestable arguments and theories, Roe with his—well, they were all there and operating at their own peculiar functions.

As I stepped through the door I thought for a moment that injury was to be added to insult, for swinging down the street came Mulvaney. Mulvaney with his boisterous, too familiar manner, his inherited millions, and his impossible clothes. He saw me and shouted some senseless greeting as he came forward. But Mulvaney did not reach his destination—at least not just at that time.

From somewhere a small but swiftly moving body hurled itself like a shot and crashed into Mulvaney and sent him reeling. The next moment I saw a grimy hand reach upward and clutch at the club man's throat. Then the crowd closed in around them.

I abhor a street fight, but I had been bored half to death this night—anything for a change, anything out of the ordinary humdrum would be a relief, and unconsciously I mingled with the laughing, shouting mob, to obtain a better view of the conflict.

Mulvaney was twice the size of his antagonist, but the latter displayed a surprising amount of strength and agility, and clung to his hold like a bulldog. At last, however, the millionaire got a hand free and struck. The blow landed with a nauseating crunch, and I expected the smaller man to wilt. He only closed his eyes for a moment, and then clawed and fought harder than before. And then into the contest entered a new factor in the shape of a banana peel. Mulvaney's heel came in contact with it and the combatants crashed to earth, the club man underneath. The shock of the fall stunned the big man, and he loosed his hold, while at the same moment some one sent up the cry that the police were coming.

The little man made a last grasp at his victim's throat, grasped something, and like a flash slipped through the crowd, and I, now entirely cured of my ennui, pursued.

The attacking party walked leisurely the few steps to the corner, and after turning ran rapidly down the block, dashed through an alley, emerged upon the next street, and sauntered slowly toward the park, while I closed the distance between us and followed panting at his heels. When we had entered the dimly lighted park I quickened my steps and touched him on the shoulder.

"I beg your pardon," I began, and then not knowing just what to say, added lamely, "I—I must say I admire your—ah—ability."

"What do you mean?" he demanded coldly. "I fear there is some mistake." And he turned his back to me.

"Perhaps," I said, angered at the coolness of the little shrimp. "But if there is a mistake, why are you feeling of your jaw so tenderly?"

The little fellow quickly dropped his hand, and a slow smile overspread his features.

"All right, Mr. Holmes," he replied easily. "I'll come along quiet. Make it assault and battery. I've had it before."

"Wrong," I told him. "I am not a plain clothes man, as you seem to suspect, but an idler merely, with a burning curiosity."

He eyed me suspiciously for a moment, and again the peculiar smile came to his features.

"Say, I guess you're all right," he said, and again patted his jaw. "You saw me mix it with the fat slob, and you're wondering what t' 'ell. Come on over here and I'll tell you.

"Gee, what a wallop he handed me!" he remarked, as we seated ourselves on one of the benches. "I've got 'em before, though. There was that big duffer I sailed into that said he came from Greenwich, he blacked both my eyes and chewed a finger half off; and that Rock Island brakeman I tackled, he knocked me on the head with his lantern. And the time—ah—h—h!"

The speaker had put his hand carelessly into his pocket. In an instant his face had changed to that of a demon, while a perfect stream of the most violent oaths imaginable poured from his lips, and all the while his hands clawed and ripped at something he held, he tore at it with his teeth, and at last cast it to the ground and stamped it into the soft earth.

When he had finished he returned to the bench where he sat shaking and mumbling to himself, while I, although convinced that I was dealing with a madman who might attack me at any moment, was, nevertheless, taking a keen joy in this most strange performance.

After a time he straightened and turned toward me. He started at first, and then, seeming to remember, smiled shamefacedly.

"Excuse me," he said, "I forgot I had It—but—when the plague gets me I—I can't control myself. That was his tie. That was all I wanted when I attacked him. Did you—see it?"

"Yes," I answered, "and I can not greatly blame you. It was the most obnoxious shade of——"

"Don't—don't say it!" pleaded the man, and a shudder passed over him.

"I'm all right now," he said, when he was calm again. "It's passed off. Good heavens, what a curse! What a curse!"

As I could think of nothing to say, I said it, and simply waited.

"Yes, I can talk about it now," he continued. "It was that tie that set me off—green. I might have killed him if I hadn't got it. That's how the plague has fastened on me."

"Plague?" I repeated wondering.

"Kipling was right," he mused, seeming to forget my presence. "The female of the species is h—l."

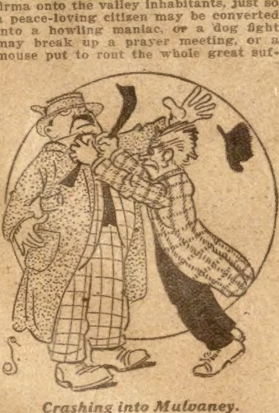
"Yes," I replied, in the same tone, "I see they are still making china dolls in China."

"I see," laughed my companion. "I didn't mean to go rambling off like that. I'm not quite myself yet, I guess, but I'll do my best. Listen.

"Five years ago I was a respectable and successful business man with a paying little store over in Chicago. Yes, I was making good, and everything was lovely with the long-necked fowl suspended at an altitude. But like all my race I knew not when to let well enough alone, and I fell.

"Passing over many minor events, including a short mental aberration mixed with chocolate candy, late hours, and baby talk, and we find I had committed matrimony. Hooked to a likely-looking female from off the second-hand counter whose only evident drawback was that she was afflicted with the name of Greene.

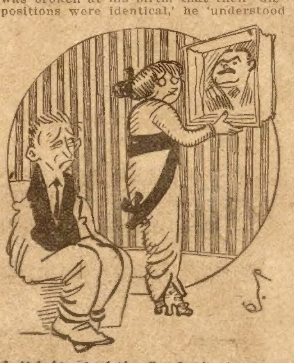
"There's nothing in that, you think, and yet it is thus, in an instant, when a man unguardedly promises to love, honor, etc., that he may change his whole life, even as the insignificant pebble may jar loose and dump a mountain of terra firma onto the valley inhabitants, just so a peace-loving citizen may be converted into a howling maniac, or a dog fight may break up a prayer meeting, or a mouse put to rout the whole great suffrage host. By that one false step was I transformed from a quiet-mannered merchant into what you see me now. 'Tis a sad tale.



Crashing into Mulvaney.

"Of course, the change did not come on suddenly. For a while we jollied ourselves into believing that we were happy, but all the time we knew that secretly our natures clashed. Tabitha, my wife, was one of those so-called soulful, dreamy beings—though I generally allowed it was cussed laziness—while I looked at things in a business-like way. Tabby was poetical and slushy and talked in blank verse, and I liked my meals at somewhere near mealtime and without any sonnet trimmings. So you can see how we naturally drifted. At last, after innumerable quarrels, she came out openly and declared war and started in to make things just as disagreeable as possible without injuring her health.

"I stood it all fairly well, though, and seeing that I did she invented new things and rehashed old annoyances, until at last she hit upon what I couldn't stand. She got to harping about Him—her first victim—or husband. I found out that he was the only perfect man who ever lived, that this particular mold was broken at his birth, that their 'dispositions were identical,' he 'understood her perfectly,' theirs was an 'ideal union.' He must have been a cuckoo.



I didn't mind the flock of pictures.

"Well, it went on that way for months, and that particular line of talk began to get on my nerves. It was, more properly speaking, putting the skids under my bewhiskered relative of the mutton family. She saw it, of course, and the dear soul was so delighted that she dug in with an enthusiasm remarkable.

"Now, I didn't mind the flock of pictures, photos, miniatures, and crayons of the deceased which contaminated the atmosphere, but she—she carried things too far for human endurance. Yes, sir, she was a great woman. If Sherman had known her he would have been glad to go to war, but at that there wasn't any war. Why, the things she couldn't think of to tantalize a man with could be written on the head of a pin with a crowbar, and she kept just as busy as a one-armed undertaker in a health resort.

"First she insulted the optic nerves of the neighborhood by having the house painted a violent green—ugh!—in memory of Him, of course. Naturally I threw fits, which so overjoyed the dear woman that she had the inside decorated the same shade, and got paper and carpets to match and green glass for the windows. Think of it! Green everywhere! You could not look through a window without being reminded of the dear departed.

"The whole place from attic to cellar was decorated up in memory of a man because he happened to be inoculated with the name of Greene and because our natures didn't seem to hitch.

"The lamp shades were green and the curtains; she got to buying emeralds in bunches; even the grass on our lawn sprouted a month earlier and stayed six weeks longer than anybody's in our neighborhood. And every minute I was home, there she would sit snufflin' and goin' on about him. Can you imagine it? Of course, I knew she was putting it all on, but that didn't change the color of things any, or help my peace of mind, or keep people from laughing at me and referring to the place as the greenhouse.

"Even the meals caught it. We had green peas, green beans, green onions, lettuce, parsley—and greens, ye gods! Greens for breakfast, dinner and supper. She bought a set of Whittier's works on account of his middle name. She was Dutch. Her father was Dutch. Her mother was Dutch, and as far back as anybody could trace all the rest of the tribe was Dutch, and in spite of all, she—man, man, think of it! On the seventeenth of every March she simply buried herself in green silk and shamrock, and went parading around the house, howling 'The Wearin' of the Green.' Is it any wonder I grew to be a wreck? The wonder is she didn't feed me Paris green and be done.

"They say it's an elongated highway that has no curves, and naturally I struck one at last. It came to me one day in the shape of a small boy who rushed in breathless to say that my wife was suddenly and dangerously ill. Of course, I could do nothing less than go home. The doctor was there and had already made his diagnosis. 'Appendicitis,' said he, and we sent her to the hospital.

"Well, the operation was a success, and she was convalescing nicely, we thought, when one day she fell over backwards and a glazed look came into her eyes. They tried to revive her, but to no avail. Then, suddenly the doctor straightened up and a queer look came to his face.

"'Can you hear the worst?' he whispered to me.

"I nodded.

"'There are no hopes,' he replied. 'Absolutely none. She will never rally.'

"'But Doctor, I thought she was——'

"'Ah yes, and so did we,' he answered and looked puzzled. 'She seemed to be getting along nicely, but it is a queer case. I cannot account for it. Something unlooked for has developed suddenly.'

"'What—is—it?' I asked, in a trembling voice.

"The doctor came close and his voice was husky as he whispered, 'Gangrene.'

"My wife started, sat up in bed and smiled at me. 'Thank God!' she screamed and fell back lifeless.

"And that is what drove me mad. It was the final straw, and it fractured the camel's spinal column. They led me away raving—to walk the earth forever seeking, seeking and destroying all reminders of that horrible nightmare."

For a time there was silence. Then I arose, took the little man gently by the arm, and led him into a place not far away. Instinctively his left foot sought the polished brass rail and his right arm came to rest upon the counter.

"What will you have?" I asked.

"Absinthe," replied he.

* * *

Domestic Drama.

(Scene, a flat. Mr. Jinx, solus. Enter Mrs. Jinx, singing "The One-Step is the One Step That I Love," Mr. Jinx goes hastily to the front window.)

Mrs. Jinx—"Why do you look out of the window when I sing?"

Mr. Jinx—"I don't want the neighbors to think I'm a wife beater."

Mrs. J.—"You brute! If I were to die, you'd never get another wife like me."

Mr. J.—"It's very kind of you to say that, dear. Ah, me! ''Tis better to have loved and lost——'

Mrs. J.—"Than never to have loved at all."

Mr. J.—"Naw—than to have married."

Mrs. J.—"You fell in love with me at first sight."

Mr. J.—"Yes, unfortunately, I am not gifted with second sight."

Mrs. J.—"All that sarcasm of yours goes in one ear and out of the other."

Mr. J.—"That's natural—there's nothing in your head to stop it. The average weight of a woman's brain is five ounces less than a man's."

Mrs. J.—"Yes, and an average brick weighs more than a volume of Browning. Goodness knows your brain ought to be heavy enough, the way you keep it saturated. I didn't hear you last night when you came in."

Mr. J.—"No, I thought at first I'd got into the wrong house. Say, what are you groaning about?"

Mrs. J.—"I have a terrible pain in my heart!"

Mr. J.—"Too bad. Shall I call an ambulance?"

Mrs. J.—"Oh, it's getting worse and worse. Why don't you worry about it, you heartless wretch?"

Mr. J.—"Darn it, I am worrying! That's the trouble with you women. Doesn't make any difference how hard a man worries, you're never satisfied unless he makes a noise about it."

* * *

Quieting the Mob.

On one of his vacations in the country a circus ticket-seller took with him his pet parrot. During the season the bird was kept in a cage near the wicket. She had seen many a big crowd clamoring for tickets, and heard her master quietly talking to the throng as he made change with lightning rapidity.

But on the second day in the country the parrot strayed away. Going into the orchard in search of her, the showman was attracted to a tree where a huge flock of crows was making a great commotion. Surrounded and pecked at from every side, scarcely a feather was left on her body. But above the raucous caws of the crows he could hear his pet solemnly admonishing: "Don't crowd! Don't push! Plenty of time! Plenty of time! The performance hasn't begun yet! Don't crowd! Don't push!"

* * *

Barred.

Gabe—"Bunk would be classed as a genius but for one thing."

Steve—"What is that?"

Gabe—"He always keeps his pants pressed."

TO LEDGER READERS

Next week's leading stories will be excellent reading, "THE CLAM DIGGER; or, A CEDAR RIVER MYSTERY," a thrilling story laid at Waterloo, Iowa, and written by Willis E. Fink, a resident of that town. The others, a strong Western story called the "RIM ROCK BANDIT," by Hapsburg Liebe, author of "DEAD MEN'S RIFLES," soon to appear, and a fine new boy's story by St. George Rathborne, entitled, "JACK SEWELL'S FORTUNES; or, AMONG THE PEARL ISLANDS." There will also be a lot of other good things in the Ledger. Don't fail to get it.

SNARES OF FATE

Or, TANGLED THREADS - By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT

[Copyright 1913 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 51, December 20. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XII.

AN UNFATHOMABLE WOMAN.

VINCENT did not go the next day to Hollow Glen as he had planned. He found he could not get away, he was overcrowded with work which had to take precedence of his wooing. Vincent possessed the rare gift of concentration, the secret of success. During the long busy day he gave his mind entirely to his work, and if the vision of a cream-white face, with velvety dark eyes and vivid mouth, came before him with distracting effect, he put it resolutely aside.

In the course of the day, John Steele's counsel came in and announced that he had given up all idea of applying for a new trial.

"Steele doesn't want any application made," the lawyer went on to explain. "It was really young Steele who was so bent on a new trial, in the hope that there might be a chance for his brother. I never saw such devotion as that young fellow's. I feel deeply sorry for him."

Vincent, remembering the young mountaineer's visit to the schoolhouse and his threats to Helen Rhodes, looked far from sympathetic.

"I have no use whatever for the fellow," he declared, with a frown. "I believe him to be quite as capable of any lawless, criminal act as his brother. I would like to run him away from these parts."

"It won't be necessary to do that," said the lawyer, quietly. "I understand that he intends going away after his brother is executed."

"I am glad to hear it," declared Vincent, sincerely, and he gave something like a sigh of relief. He had made light of the young mountaineer's threats to Helen Rhodes in order to reassure her, but they troubled him nevertheless. If David Steele was going away, his threats had been idle threats, after all. Vincent did not take seriously David's assertion that he would wait years for his revenge. That required a rare patience, a concentration of purpose, a subtlety which were not in keeping with Vincent's conception of the young mountaineer! He could understand David Steele's hatred of Helen Rhodes manifesting itself in the same manner as his brother's, by an act of violence, but in no more subtle way. The commonwealth attorney was a pretty good judge of human nature, but he was wrong in his conception of the young mountaineer. The latter did possess rare patience, concentration of purpose, and subtlety, and he knew how to wait.

"David Steele is acting wisely in leaving these parts," continued Vincent. "Feeling is pretty strong against the Steeles, against the entire mountain clan, since the murder. David Steele wouldn't find it very pleasant if he did remain in these parts."

"I do not think he is being influenced by anything of that nature," declared Steele's lawyer. "I imagine he wishes to get away from the associations of his home on the mountain. He and his brother have lived there for years. John Steele has been more like a father to David than a brother. I tell you, Vincent, I feel sorry for young Steele."

Vincent gave an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"Is he going to sell the place on the mountain?" he asked.

"No. He is going to bury his brother on the mountain."

"Humph!" murmured Vincent. "I should think he would be obliged to sell the place to pay the expenses of the trial," he added.

"Oh, there's money enough for that without selling the farm."

"Made by moonshine whisky, no doubt," said Vincent, grimly.

"Possibly," admitted the lawyer, smiling, as he arose. "John Steele's game," he remarked, as he moved toward the door. "He'll not lose his nerve He'll go to his death without flinching."

"Game! That miserable cowardly assassin!" murmured Vincent, as the lawyer went out. "Hanging is too good for him."

He was not thinking of his own narrow escape from death at the hands of the mountaineer, as his eyes flashed and his lips tightened. He was thinking of the promising, noble young life of the minister cut off suddenly in its prime, of a widowed mother sorrowing for her only son, of the grief of an entire community for the young pastor who had endeared himself to all of his parish. Vincent could not rid himself of the remorseful feeling that he had sent the young minister to his death, though he knew that that was a morbid way of looking at it.

Later in the day Senator Ward came into the office and invited Vincent to go for a drive with Kathryn and himself, adding that the carriage was outside.

Vincent was glad that he was able to excuse himself on the plea of being too busy. He felt rather inclined to avoid Kathryn Ward. He was conscious of a feeling of relief when he remembered that she and her father would leave for the capital in the course of the next two weeks.

As Senator Ward left the office, Vincent remembered that his mother and himself were engaged to dine with the Wards that evening. He had forgotten all about it, and the prospect was far from affording him any pleasure.

It was late when he got home, and he found his mother dressed, waiting for him.

"Hurry, dear, and dress; we shall be late," she said.

"All right, mother," replied Vincent, and Mrs. Vincent smiled as he left the room without any great alacrity, but it was rather a pensive smile. She was bitterly disappointed that her son was not going to marry Kathryn, but, with a mother's unselfishness, she carefully concealed this fact.

"We drove to Hollow Glen this afternoon," Senator Ward remarked, during the course of dinner.

Vincent looked up from his plate.

"Indeed?" he murmured.

"I was curious to see Helen Rhodes," said Kathryn.

Mrs. Vincent bit her lips and her eyes fell. It was an instant or so before Vincent spoke.

"And did you see her?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, yes," replied Kathryn. "I walked up the hill to the schoolhouse while father talked politics in the town. Miss Rhodes was just leaving the schoolhouse when I reached it. I told her I had heard the view was very fine from the hill and had walked up to see it." She smiled. "The view is really very fine. Miss Rhodes and I talked for a little while and then walked down the hill together." She paused a moment, looked across the table at Vincent, and added, "She is certainly very beautiful. I do not wonder at John Steele's infatuation for her."

Vincent, intent upon his dinner, made no remark. His mother glanced at him, but his face was imperturbable.

"It's a fortunate thing for the State that Miss Rhodes did not reciprocate," remarked Senator Ward, with a laugh. "Otherwise, John Steele would have escaped the penalty of his crime. I doubt if that hiding-place of his on the mountain would ever have been discovered."

"Oh, Miss Rhodes is not at all the sort of woman to whom a man like John Steele would appeal," said Kathryn. She looked again at Vincent. "Do you not agree with me, Henry?"

"Yes," he replied; "I quite agree with you."

He stole a quizzical glance at his mother. Mrs. Vincent looked ill at ease. She had not a keen sense of humor. Vincent turned again to Kathryn.

"You had better keep very quiet about having suggested my going to Miss Rhodes," he said, half-jokingly.

"Did Kathryn suggest it," exclaimed Mrs. Vincent, quickly.

"Yes," replied Vincent. "It would never have occurred to me from the fact that I had never heard of Steele's infatuation for Miss Rhodes. Indeed, I was not aware that there was such a person in existence."

"Why do you caution me to keep quiet about my small share in the capture of John Steele?" Kathryn inquired of Vincent, rather curiously.

"His brother, David Steele, has been swearing vengeance," replied Vincent, still speaking lightly.

"Against whom?" Kathryn looked interested.

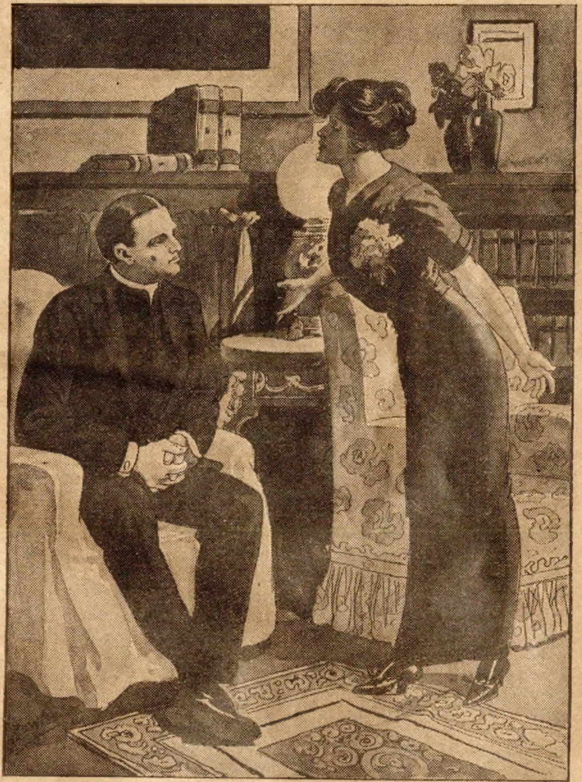
"Miss Rhodes," Vincent explained. "He went to the schoolhouse the day his brother was convicted, and told her that he intended to have his revenge one of these fine days."

"Those mountaineers are a vindictive lot," declared Senator Ward. "I shouldn't wonder if that young Steele did as he threatened."

Vincent gave a smiling shake of the head.

"You do not take him seriously?" asked Kathryn.

Vincent shrugged his shoulders.



"Murder!"

"No, I can't say that I take much stock in his threats," he replied.

"Nevertheless, I would prefer that he did not know that I had any part in bringing about the capture of his brother," declared Kathryn, thoughtfully.

"You are taking me more seriously than I intended," Vincent hastened to reassure her. "I am perfectly convinced that you have no reason in the world to fear David Steele, even if he knew the part you played in bringing his brother to justice."

She lifted her eyes and gave him a strange look.

"I do not fear him in the least," she said quietly.

Vincent laughed.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "I naturally concluded that that was why you did not wish him to know that you were indirectly connected with bringing about the capture of his brother."

She shook her head. "No, I am not in the least afraid of him," she reiterated.

Vincent looked at her a little inquiringly, but she did not explain.

"Did young Steele mention what form his revenge was likely to take?" asked Senator Ward.

"No," replied Vincent. "His threats were very vague."

"Acts of violence and lawlessness are those mountaineers' ideas of vengeance," declared Senator Ward.

Kathryn's eyes dropped; she toyed with a bunch of grapes on her plate. There was the suggestion of a smile about her lips, enigmatical, unfathomable.

Vincent, regarding her reflectively, admitted to himself that he had never in the least understood the woman he had once intended trying to win for his wife, that in spite of his knowledge of human nature—for he considered the study of men part of his profession—she was to him unfathomable.

CHAPTER XIII.

WOOED AND MARRIED.

UPON the afternoon following, Vincent went to Hollow Glen. He walked swiftly up the hill to the schoolhouse, and stood for a moment in the doorway, unobserved by Helen who was not alone, as Vincent had expected to find her at that hour. She was bending over a form on which was seated a little girl, whose rosy baby face wore a look half-dejected, half-pouting. Helen's rich auburn hair mingled with the child's golden curls. They formed a pretty picture at which Vincent gazed admiringly, with keen appreciation.

Helen suddenly drew herself erect and turned toward the door. At the sight of Vincent her eyes lighted and the delicate pink color rose in her cheeks. Vincent's pulses quickened. He had taken her unawares and she had betrayed the joy that his presence evoked. The next moment, however, she controlled herself and looked at him quietly, calmly, as he came toward her.

"I am fortunate in finding you here," said Vincent, with a glance at the old-fashioned clock on the wall. "I did not know it was so late."

"I would have been gone if Nannie," glancing toward the child, "had not been very naughty," replied Helen. "I was obliged to keep her in."

Vincent glanced down smilingly upon the pretty culprit and laid his hand on her bright curls. She looked up at him shyly.

"I am sure Nannie is very sorry she was naughty," said Vincent. "Aren't you, little one?"

The child nodded her curly head vehemently.

"Yes," she declared, "for I don't like bein' kept in."

Vincent laughed.

"We're always sorry for our sins when they find us, little Nannie," he said. He patted her curly head, then turned to Helen, "Will you not 'temper justice with mercy,' and allow this small culprit to depart?" he asked.

Helen smiled. "You can go, Nannie," she said.

The child lost no time in availing herself of the permission. At the door, she turned and looked back, her rosy face dimpled with smiles.

"I dess that gemman's your beau, Miss Helen," she said, and then ran out.

Helen, her face slightly flushed, walked toward her desk. Vincent followed her. As she turned, he took her hand in his.

"Will you have me for your 'beau,' Helen?" he asked.

She looked up at him wonderingly, incredulously.

"I do not think that I quite understand," she replied.

He smiled. "Is it so difficult for you to understand that I love you?" he asked, softly.

She drew a quick breath. "You love me?" she murmured.

"Yes, very, very dearly."

She was silent a moment.

"It seems very wonderful to me," she half whispered.

"Does it?" Vincent laughed softly, as his eyes lingered passionately upon the beauty of her face, lovelier at that moment than he had ever seen it. "It seems to me that you were made for love, made to inspire it. Love!" he went on, dreamily. "Why, it was simply a word without meaning to me until I saw you. You have taught me its sweetness, its delight, its delicious possibilities. You have taught me that life without love, without you, is colorless, without joy, without brightness. Helen, do you care for me at all? Can I teach you to love me?"

She shook her head, her eyes downcast.

"No," she replied, "you cannot teach me what I have already learned."

She looked up at him and her eyes were a revelation. With a murmured exclamation of joy, he took her in his arms.

"You will marry me, dearest?"

"Yes."

He pressed his lips long and passionately to the beautiful mouth, as he had longed so intensely to do. They lingered in the schoolhouse until the sun had begun to set, oblivious of the passing of time, loth to part, after the manner of lovers.

To a man like Vincent, whose one passion had been ambition, in whose life women had played but a small part, love was proving an entrancing novelty. He had admired pretty women as he admired a painting or statue, but no woman had ever made his pulses quicken or his heart beat faster until this auburn-haired school-teacher came into his life.

"I shall bring my mother to see you very soon, dear," he said, as they were about to leave the schoolhouse.

She looked up at him a little apprehensively.

"Do you think your mother will like me?" she asked, wistfully.

"She will love you. How can she help it?" replied Vincent, with a lover's enthusiasm.

Helen shook her head a little deprecatingly.

"I am afraid that she will not think me worthy of you, Henry. I am only a farmer's daughter. I am not your equal from a social standpoint." She hesitated slightly, and then added, "Not as fitting a wife for you as—Miss Ward."

Vincent laughed gayly.

"I do not agree with you," he declared, kissing her. Then he continued, more gravely, "There is no one as fitting to be my wife as the woman I love with all my heart, with all my soul. I have told my mother of my love for you, dearest, of my hope of making you my wife, and she is ready to receive you as her daughter. She is prepared to love you for my sake. She cannot help loving you for your own."

The troubled look vanished from Helen's beautiful face. His assurance removed the one cloud that had darkened her happiness.

As Vincent took her in his arms at the door of the schoolhouse on their way out, her own stole up about his neck.

"I love you!" she whispered. "I love you!"

"God bless you, my darling!" he murmured, almost reverently. "I did not know that life could be so perfect, so blessed."

As they walked down the hill together in the crimson and gold glow of the sunset, she told him of Kathryn Ward's visit.

"Yes, she told me she had been here," said Vincent. "She was curious to see you." Helen glanced up at him questioningly. Vincent explained the reason Kathryn Ward had given for being curious to see her. Helen listened a little gravely.

"Miss Ward is a very elegant person," she said. "I admire her very much, but she repelled me."

Vincent smiled. "That sounds rather paradoxical," he declared.

"Yes, I suppose it does," Helen admitted. "I do not suppose that there are two persons in the world more unlike than Miss Ward and David Steele, and, yet they both inspire me with the same feeling."

"What sort of a feeling?" asked Vincent, curiously.

Helen reflected a moment. "I hardly know how to describe it," she replied, at length. "I suppose I might call it fear or dread."

Vincent looked surprised. "Why should you fear Kathryn Ward, dear?" he asked.

Helen shook her head.

"I do not know."

"This affair of the Steeles has gotten on your nerves, dear, and made you fanciful," said Vincent. He thought a moment, then turned to her eagerly. "Business takes me to the capital next week. Go with me, Helen, as my wife." She flushed and looked startled. "When we return, John Steele will have been hanged. It will be over and done with. Will you marry me, Helen, in two weeks?"

She looked at him shyly, her eyes luminous, her cheeks delicately tinted.

"Since you wish it, yes," she replied.

They parted at the foot of the hill. Vincent returned home and told his mother that Helen Rhodes had consented to become his wife and that they were to be married in two weeks.

"So soon?" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent, surprised.

Vincent explained why he had urged Helen Rhodes to marry him in so short a time. Mrs. Vincent smiled, as she listened.

"You are as impatient as a love-sick boy, Henry," she declared.

He laughed happily. "I feel like a boy, mother."

"I suppose the Wards ought to be told," said Mrs. Vincent.

Vincent frowned a little impatiently. "I do not see any necessity for that," he said. "Every one will know about it after we are married."

"Very well, Henry," acquiesced Mrs. Vincent, resignedly.

Two weeks later, Senator Ward came into their private sittingroom at the hotel, looking somewhat disturbed. Kathryn, sitting by the window, reading, looked up.

"What is the matter, father?" she asked.

"I have astonishing news for you, Kathryn," he replied, coming up to her.

"Indeed?" she glanced up at him inquiringly.

Senator Ward hesitated a moment. He turned away and walked to the mantel, his back to his daughter, as he spoke.

"Henry Vincent is married," he said.

There was an instant's silence, then Kathryn spoke very quietly:

"Indeed?" Her father turned and looked at her. He fancied she looked a little pale, but she never had much color, and he might be mistaken. She was perfectly calm, she betrayed not the slightest sign of emotion. "How did you hear of it, father?"

"I met him and his wife, an amazingly pretty woman, in the corridor a few moments ago," Senator Ward explained. "I was very much surprised when he introduced her as his wife. It's astonishingly sudden. Who on earth is she?"

"I think I can make a pretty good guess," said Kathryn. "She is Helen Rhodes, or was Helen Rhodes before her marriage."

"Helen Rhodes?" exclaimed Senator Ward, amazedly. "What makes you think he has married her?"

"I saw that he was infatuated with her the first time he saw her," replied Kathryn, quietly. "I am not surprised that he has married her, though I hardly fancied the marriage would take place so soon."

Senator Ward, who was walking restlessly up and down the room, stopped and looked keenly at his daughter. She was carelessly turning over the leaves of the book on her lap. Her proud, cold face was perfectly serene; there was no trace of emotion upon it.

"She did not care for Vincent," was the conclusion at which her father arrived, after an instant's study of her face. "He certainly was in great haste to marry," he said aloud.

"Well, yes, rather," Kathryn admitted. "I did not expect him to marry her quite so soon."

Senator Ward smiled. Assured in his own mind that Kathryn was perfectly indifferent over Vincent's marriage, his resentment died out. He had been inclined to believe that Vincent had acted badly.

"One can hardly blame him for being in haste to marry," he declared. "His wife is very lovely."

Kathryn made no reply. About her lips was a faint, inscrutable smile.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HYPOCRITE.

MARY STANLEY stood at the window in her black gown, her face pale and very sad, looking out at the falling snow.

Six months had passed since Mrs. Stanley's death. But on Mary Stanley's worn face, in the lines about her mouth, and in the look in her eyes there was something more than grief for the dead. There were moments indeed when Mary breathed a prayer of thankfulness that her mother was dead.

"You will marry me now, Mary?" Dr. Wiley said to her, a few days after her mother's funeral. "We have waited so long. There will be no disrespect to your mother's memory if we are married quite soon. There is no one who has a stronger claim upon you now, Mary, than I. No one who needs you more. You will come to me, Mary?"

She was silent, for a moment, standing with lowered eyes and compressed lips. He waited, looking at her with rather a puzzled expression. At length, she lifted her eyes and looked at him.

"There is one who has a stronger claim upon me, who needs me more than you do, George," she said. He lifted his brows questioningly. "My brother. You do not understand and I cannot explain," she went on, as he looked surprised. "You have been so good, so patient, George," there was an almost passionate appeal in her voice, her bearing. "Be patient a little longer. Trust me, believe me, when I tell you that I would not ask this of you if I did not feel assured that it was my duty to remain with Harmer for a time at least. Some day I will explain all to you. I cannot do so now. Give me a year, George, and at the end of that time I will become your wife."

He suppressed a sigh, as he replied gently:

"Very well, dear. Let it be as you wish."

She could not help seeing that he was bitterly disappointed, though he made no complaint, uttered no word of reproach, and her heart went out to him in tenderness and yearning. For a moment, the temptation to go to him, to let everything else go and find rest and peace in his arms, to take the happiness that awaited her as his wife, seized her and she almost succumbed.

But she fought with it and conquered. She told herself that she dared not thrust aside the responsibility she had assumed the night Harmer told her he was unfit to be a minister. She had been guilty of a grave error, she fully realized that now, and it was her duty to help her brother, to guard him as far as lay in her power against the consequences of her unhappy mistake. She must do her best, and if she failed, she would at least have less with which to reproach herself.

That same evening at supper, Harmer said to her:

"I suppose that you and George will be married now, Mary?"

Uncle Ned, who was waiting on the table, glanced quickly at his mistress.

Mary looked down as she replied: "No, we will not marry for a year."

Uncle Ned gave a mournful shake of the head.

"That suits me exactly," declared Harmer. "I have been wondering how I should get along without you, Mary."

"Lands' sakes! Marse Harmer, you and me could git 'long all right," exclaimed Uncle Ned. "Miss Mary, honey, you go 'long and marry Mist' George. Dat po' feller been waitin' fo' you mighty long time."

"You would better take Uncle Ned's advice, Mary," said the young minister, gravely.

She shook her head. "No," she said. "George and I decided this morning not to marry for at least a year."

"'T'ain't no use say nuffin to Miss Mary onct she done made up her mind," declared Uncle Ned, dejectedly. "You'd better be gittin' yo'se'f a wife, young massa. Thar's plenty of pooty young ladies in Idlewild, and I reckon you could 'bout have yo' pick."

An odd looked passed over the young minister's face. He seemed to shrink, and his eyes fell. It was a moment or so before he spoke.

"I'll get you to pick me out a wife, Uncle Ned, when I am ready to marry," he said jestingly, with a smile that looked forced.

Uncle Ned took him quite seriously. "I'se got seberal in my mind's eye now," he declared.

Mary smiled, but Harmer arose rather abruptly from the table.

As Mary stood by the window, one cold, wintry day, Uncle Ned came out of the side door of the church with a broom in one hand and a coal hod in the other. He crossed the street and went around to the back door.

Mary turned from the window and went up to the fire. After a little while, the door opened and Uncle Ned came into the room.

"Am de young massa up yit, Miss Mary?" he asked.

"No," replied Mary, without turning her head.

Uncle Ned stood silent for a moment, then he said, hesitatingly:

"Mist' Ridgley done sent fo' Marse Harmer to come quick. His wife done tooken wuss and am gwine fast."

Mary turned from the fire and looked at him.

"Harmer must go," she said. "I'll awaken him."

She started toward the door. As she was going out, she stopped and looked back at Uncle Ned.

"Uncle Ned, did you wait up for Mr. Harmer last night?" she asked.

"Ya'as, Miss Mary." The old darky's eyes fell under her questioning glance.

It was a moment or so before Mary found courage to question him further.

"Was—was he himself, Uncle Ned?" she asked falteringly.

Uncle Ned shook his head sorrowfully. No, Miss Mary," he replied.

A quivering sigh broke from Mary's lips. She covered her face with her hands. The old darky went up to her and laid his hand pityingly on her arm.

"Don't take on dis a-way, Miss Mary," he murmured, pleadingly.

Her hands dropped from her face. She looked at him with something like despair in her eyes.

"What shall I do, Uncle Ned?" she asked piteously. "I am afraid! afraid! I can't keep people from knowing, I shall not be able to shield him much longer. You know how I have tried during all these dreadful months to hide from the people of the parish that their pastor is a——" she stopped as Uncle Ned lifted his hand appealingly.

"Don't say it, Miss Mary?" he pleaded. "I kyant b'ar fo' to heah you say it." Mary gave a great sigh. "I'se feard dat de young massa warn't cut out fo' no preacher," continued Uncle Ned. "Mary shrank and shivered. "Thar am a streak ob wildness in de Stanly fambly, Miss Mary. Yo' father war as good a man as eber libed, but his brother, yo' Uncle Herbert, was bery diff'ent. He war wild and dis'pated in his young days. Marse Harmer he takes arter him."

Mary turned again to go out. "I must go and awaken Harmer," she said. "Tell the messenger that same miserable story, Uncle Ned—that Harmer is not well and overslept. Oh, the bitter humiliation of it all!" she murmured to herself, as she went out.

She went up the stairs, and, opening the door of her brother's room, entered. She went up to the bed on which he lay in a heavy sleep, and stood looking down upon him. His face was heavily flushed, his lips parched and swollen; he breathed heavily, as he slept, and his breath was tainted with the fumes of liquor.

Mary shuddered as she stood there hesitating as to what she should do. The man before her, sleeping off a debauch, with the flush of wine on his cheek and the fumes of wine about him, seemed so utterly unfitted to minister to the dying, to pray beside a deathbed. It seemed to a woman as conscientious as Mary Stanley, almost sacrilegious.

She half turned to go away, then stopped as she thought of the dying woman. She must not die without the spiritual help, the consolation that religion would afford her.

Mary turned back to the bed, bent over and shook Harmer by the shoulder.

"Harmer!" she called. "Harmer!"

He moved, slowly opened his heavy eyes, and looked up at her stupidly.

"What's you want?" he muttered.

"You must get up at once," she explained. "Mrs. Ridgeley is dying, and they have sent for you."

He muttered something she could not understand, turned over heavily, and relapsed into sleep that was partly stupor. She stood staring down upon him helplessly, realizing that it was useless to try to arouse him. At length she turned away and went down into the hall where Uncle Ned was awaiting her.

"It's of no use, Uncle Ned; I can't arouse him," she said wearily.

"Nebber you mind, Miss Mary," murmured the old darky, soothingly. "You go in to the fire." She was shivering and unnerved. "Don't you fret yo'se'f. I'se gwine to 'scuse de young massa. Don't you worry 'bout dat."

A wan smile passed over Mary's lips as Uncle Ned went off briskly in the direction of the kitchen. She went into the livingroom and sat down again by the fire. Outside the snow fell noiselessly in great white flakes, covering the ground. The fire crackled cheerily, as Mary sat gazing into the red leaping flames with tired, sad eyes.

Uncle Ned came into the room after a little while with an armful of wood and replenished the fire. He looked at the motionless, black-robed figure of his mistress, the bowed head, the tensely clasped hands lying on her lap, with a troubled glance.

"Now, don't you be a-frettin' of yo'se'f, Miss Mary," he pleaded. "Try to look at de bright side, honey."

"The bright side?" she repeated drearily. "There is no bright side, Uncle Ned. It is all so dreadful, so hopeless."

Seeing that it was useless to try to comfort her in her present mood, the old darky turned to go out, with a sad shake of the head. Mary let him go without questioning him as to what excuse he had made for his young master. What did it matter? It must end soon, the deception, the falsehoods, the dreadful hypocrisy.

She aroused herself as she heard the cheery voice of Dr. Wiley in the hall outside talking to Uncle Ned. She greeted him with a rather feeble smile as he came into the room. He glanced at her keenly as he came up to the fire.

"How are you this cold morning, my dear?" he asked, bending to kiss her cheek, and then standing holding out his hands to the fire. "I just stepped in a few minutes on my way home from the Ridgeleys." She looked at him quickly. "Mrs. Ridgeley died half an hour ago."

"I—I understood that she was dying," murmured Mary, falteringly. She continued, with an effort. "They sent for Harmer, but he is not well this morning and could not go out."

Dr. Wiley made no remark. He stood gazing into the fire with a grave, thoughtful look on his face.

"Well, I must be going," he said after a moment, rousing himself.

She arose, making no attempt to detain him. She was finding it too painful an effort to hide from him her misery. She was afraid of breaking down before him. There were times when the longing to confide in him was almost more than she could control. But she could not bear to have him know the truth about her brother. The longing seized her, as she watched him go toward the door, to call him back, throw herself into his arms, tell him all, and ask his help, his advice. She questioned sometimes as to whether he were as blind to her misery as he appeared.

She moved a step nearer to him and opened her lips to speak, then drew back and let him go.

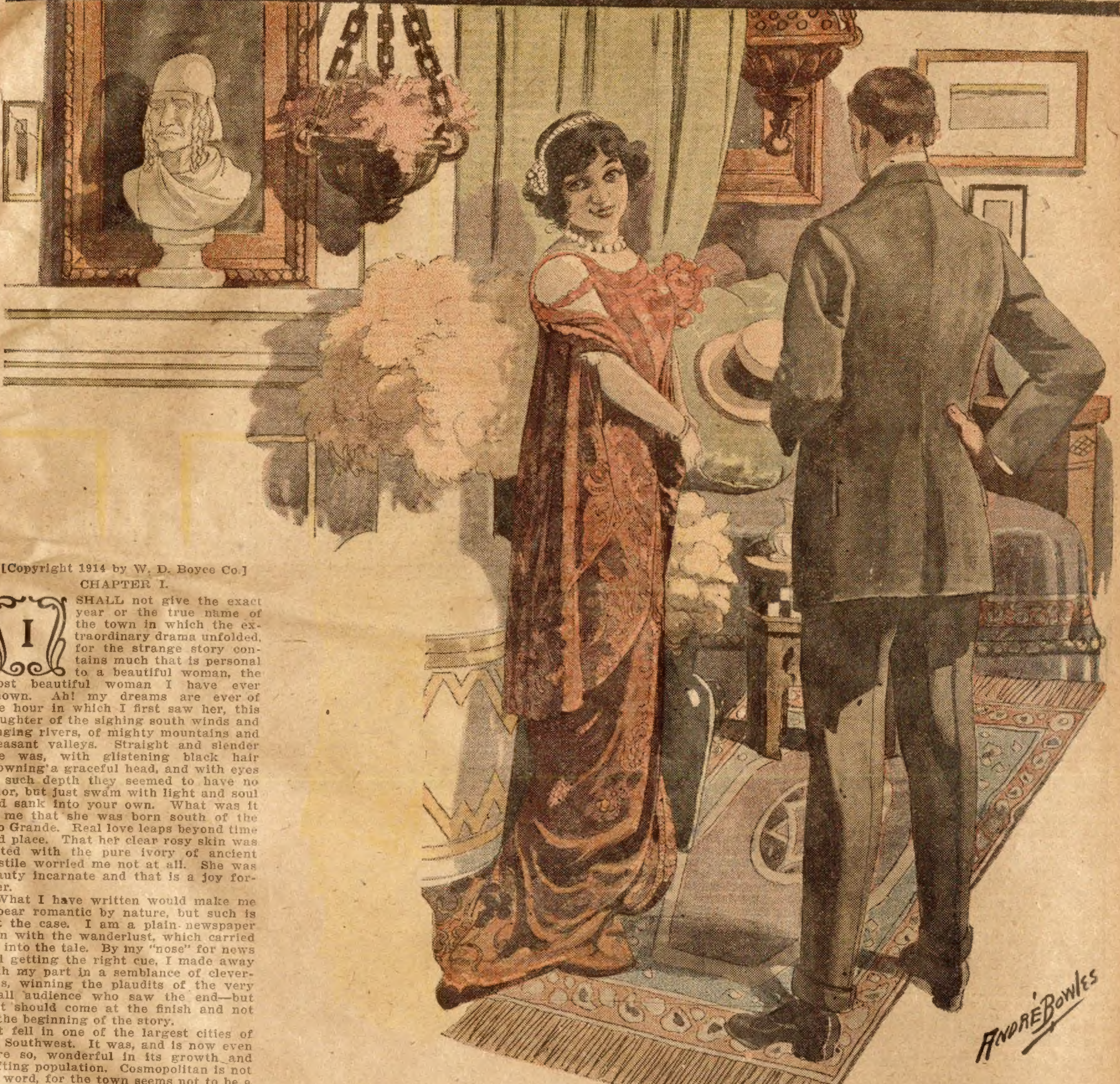
"No, I must shield him, hide the truth from others as long as I can," she told herself.

She went to the window. Dr. Wiley was getting into his sleigh. He looked up, smiled and waved his hand, as he

(Continued on page eighteen.)

Beyond the Law

Or, Their Deeper Right -:- By E. W. Bateman



She was the spirit of youth.

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

I SHALL not give the exact year or the true name of the town in which the extraordinary drama unfolded, for the strange story contains much that is personal to a beautiful woman, the most beautiful woman I have ever known. Ah! my dreams are ever of the hour in which I first saw her, this daughter of the sighing south winds and singing rivers, of mighty mountains and pleasant valleys. Straight and slender she was, with glistening black hair crowning a graceful head, and with eyes of such depth they seemed to have no color, but just swam with light and soul and sank into your own. What was it to me that she was born south of the Rio Grande. Real love leaps beyond time and place. That her clear rosy skin was tinted with the pure ivory of ancient Castile worried me not at all. She was beauty incarnate and that is a joy forever.

What I have written would make me appear romantic by nature, but such is not the case. I am a plain newspaper man with the wanderlust, which carried me into the tale. By my "nose" for news and getting the right cue, I made away with my part in a semblance of cleverness, winning the plaudits of the very small audience who saw the end—but that should come at the finish and not at the beginning of the story.

It fell in one of the largest cities of the Southwest. It was, and is now even more so, wonderful in its growth and shifting population. Cosmopolitan is not the word, for the town seems not to be a gathering place of nations, but a melting pot of men. All, English, German, French, Greek—no matter what they be—go into its whirl and come out Americans. It sends out pioneer parties who make history in unknown tracts, its railroads stretch out like long fingers and clutch empires. There wealth comes easy and the Stream of Life runs high. It is new and wholesome, and has one delightful phase in its view of things. Men are still men and not machines. Right is still right and not just simply law. That is really why this story can be told, for that view made it possible.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I first met Detective Madden on one of my daily rounds for news, I was not impressed, like the storybook characters, by his mighty intellect. I could not have been, for he was not above the commonplace, to say the least. But a few weeks brought familiarity with his methods, and I was startled. I cultivated him and found a very humane, sensible person, who made good by his perseverance.

There was but one thing remarkable about him, and that was his ability to make friends. He was the sort that could rub elbows with any class and come through in great style. With millionaire or pauper, weakling or giant, man or woman, he was always gravely courteous, and they remembered him for it. It made him a great city detective, because it was such an unusual thing.

He was a splendid figure of a man, and he wore good clothes with all the ease of a city dweller born. He was altogether likable and so unlike my imaginings of a police detective that I often expressed my surprise at his being in the profession. He would only smile and change the subject, and I would be left rebuked. But it seemed to me that he had a sneaking notion of being helpful to humanity through that channel, as he worked hither and thither at his trials and never seemed to tire. It was a good inspiration, and one worthy of any calling.

He would always call me up by telephone on any story of great importance that came under his eyes, so I was not surprised to hear his voice over the wire any morning while waiting for my assignment. But I was somewhat shocked one day to hear it at the other end of the wire, and fairly trembling with excitement. He was not superhuman in his coolness, by any means, but it took happenings out of the ordinary to bring that tone from him. Hence my surprise.

"Are you as keen as ever for a big story?" he asked.

"You bet I am," I answered. "What have you got this time?"

"Just ask no questions, but come along with me." His tone was positive, and I obeyed instructions explicitly. It was only a few moments before a car took me down to the Municipal Building where I found him awaiting me.

"I've just a call from one of the mounted police in the suburbs, and while he didn't say what the exact trouble was, it's something out of the ordinary. Shall we go together?" He smiled as he asked the question, as he well knew what the answer would be.

He signaled a taxicab, and we were soon well on our way to the western part of the city, from where the call had come. We discussed various matters, for Madden and I were "hail fellows" and never at loss for a subject. After flitting through the greater business section and down almost endless residence streets, we crossed the river that split the town in half, and drew away toward the open country. The roadside looked bare and scraggly, as the country around a city always does, and it had a depressing effect upon me.

"Madden, the scene is set for a murder," I said, with a shudder, and he had not started to reply before the car came to a jolting stop in response to a hail from an officer in uniform who was waving to us from beyond the fence to the left. We dismounted hastily, and I did not even get a direct reply to any surmise. The policeman recognized us at once.

"Well, boys, there's another gone the route," he said, with a grim little smile. "Come and see what you think of the poor devil."

We both tumbled over the wire fence in all haste, and followed the officer across the field a short distance to the small ditch that cut it at right angles. There a grewsome sight met our eyes.

Lying half-buried in a pool of foul, muddy water, lay the body of a man. His head was one clot of blood and his hair hung in a bloody mass over his forehead. He had been dead several hours, and his torn clothing and his wild, staring eyes told the awful story his lifeless lips would never utter. I wanted to yell in order to relieve the morbidness that hung like a pall over our heads. Madden spoke first.

"A nasty case, I say." He looked graver than usual. "One that is going to give us trouble. Let's get him out, boys."

We all went down on our knees, and, grasping some portion of his clothing, dragged him forth from his resting-place. Madden went through his clothing but found no identification. He then examined the awful, gaping wounds on the man's head with careful eye, touching his skull gently.

"Crushed to a jelly," he said brusquely. "Let's search the surrounding territory for some blunt weapon."

We began at once, going over the ground foot by foot. When we had covered about fifty yards, my turnings brought me to a small clump of bushes. I had saved them for the last, feeling sure that it would add something to the story. Where the idea came from I do not know, save that it furnished the principal place of concealment in the bare field. I was not disappointed.

Lying under the trampled grass I found the queerest weapon that I have ever seen, and it did not take the blood and hair that clung to it to convince me that it had brought about the unfortunate's death. I held it up, with a cry of triumph, to Madden.

He came running and together we examined it closely. It was of lightest wood—a club nearly twelve inches long. So little did it weigh that it could have been carried in any pocket without a sag, and its peculiar shape made it a terrible weapon in the hands of an assassin. In fact, the simplicity of it was devilish. At one end was a knot like that on a dumb-bell, only instead of a smooth surface it was hollowed out at one-inch intervals, the blunt ridges making the fracture of a skull or bone the matter of a very light blow. It was a curious thing and seemed to hark back to the days when men were forced to design clubs for protection of life and property. I looked at Madden.

"That is the instrument of operation," he said. Then he looked at me queerly for a moment, and continued. "Do you know Vaile, I have sized this case up already. It's going to be one of those where the facts are concealed with truth, and they are always hardest to solve. I say that the real clew to the case is buried deeper than h—l itself," and as I nodded agreement, we strode back to where the officer was guarding the body.

I took a long look at the poor blood-bespattered face in silence, wondering what awful story his lips could never tell. His head was well-shaped and his countenance clear and smooth like that of a well-bred youth of English family. That was one odd fact that did not occur to me then, but came later. That was that he did not look like an American at all, though how he differed was hard to tell. The officer had been talking in low tones, and then Madden approached me.

"It may not be such a mystery at all, Vaile," he said. "Flannery just found this in the mud." He held in his fingers an earth-stained ten-dollar bill.

"Robbery?" I queried, and he nodded.

I looked around, and indeed it looked probable. The whole neighborhood was wild and dreary, an ideal place to ply a highwayman's trade. It seemed the only solution. An effort at the identification had to be made.

The "dead" wagon, with its black crosses, drove up, and the unfortunate was loaded in and sent to the city morgue. I readily assented to Madden's statement that we had done all possible, and I wanted to get back to the office and turn in my story. We climbed back into the cab and were soon rushing on our way.

"How are you going about proving the man's identity?" I asked Madden, as we settled back for the long ride.

"I am not going about it," said Madden, with a smile. "I am going to let it come to me. I am going to put him at the morgue, and let you do the advertising. I'll have some one who knows him in less than a week."

I could not help but smile at his ideas. The novelty of a "gum-shoe" artist wanting advertising before a story was begun! But it was just another way of expressing his methods of working in frankness and friendliness with every one he met.

This was one time, however, in which every rule failed. Days passed into a week, and all of the newspapers had exploited the brutal crime in all its phases. Thousands had viewed the body at the morgue, and it had never been recognized. The police were desperate, and every thug in the city was picked up and given the third degree. Even Madden lost his look of cheerfulness, and was growling constantly under his breath. I was affected myself, and grew fearfully sick of making the phrase, "He had no letters, papers, or other usual indentifications." read differently every issue. The very simplicity of the case was maddening.

It was in this frame of mind that one afternoon I made a visit to the morgue, determined to get a new line of some kind on the case, if it was necessary for me to stay there from that time on. I strode in and addressed a greeting to the keeper, whom I knew very well, and went back to take a look at our "friend," as Madden and I called the victim of the murder.

The body had been embalmed, and the face was calm, almost stern in its repose. I stood there several minutes looking at the cold features, and then sank into a chair in a dark corner near by, the few events of the case running quickly through my mind. I finally dropped into a reverie, thinking of nothing, save in a detached sort of way.

I must have fallen asleep, for I was roused later by a hum of low voices, and found that it was quite dark within the room. The next instant the attendant snapped on toned electrics nearest the body, and I saw the Girl of this story.

She was dressed very simply in a suit of dark colors, which did wonders in bringing out the beauty of her face. As she stood near, I looked at her face with its framing of rich black hair, and it seemed that I could never see enough of it. I suppose politeness demanded that I leave the room, but I could not move, and I have been forever glad that I did not. She seemed to be alone in that dark place, though both the morgue attendant and an old woman, evidently her companion, stood near by.

Among the other confusing emotions that struck me, the most forcible was: What was this girl doing here? She did not look the kind who would find a pleasure in such things, and never in a thousand years could one connect a slender, proud maid such as she with foul murder. I waited in suspense for some sign that would give me a clew to her visit.

Never have I seen a face more calm and still than was this one as she bent over the dead form. I sat tense in my corner, every nerve alive in an effort to catch some clew in her demeanor. In some way I had connected her with the case, but I could not account for it by any rule of precedent.

I was doomed to disappointment. For two minutes or more the girl stared at the dead man without the slightest vestige of emotion, and then turned to the attendant.

"I have never seen him. We will go now." She spoke in a clear, silvery voice that thrilled me with strange thoughts and feeling. I almost betrayed my presence by the sigh that escaped me. She would be gone in a moment, and I would probably never see her again.

The attendant turned to go, and was near the door when the girl turned half toward the body and the woman. In an instant her face had changed and was charged with horror and grief. She gripped the woman's arm fiercely, and I sprang half from my seat when I heard her whisper:

"Mary, Mother of God, Anita! It is he!"

CHAPTER III.

THAT sentence was one of the greatest shocks of my life. I had decided the girl was simply curious, and her whisper to the woman at her side brought the killing about her in an instant. "It is he!" seemed to be ringing throughout the room, and the victim gained new dignity in my eyes. She knew him; in that instant a great resolve entered my brain. I would solve the mystery through her, or know the reason why. If she was innocent of complicity, she would no doubt be glad to help me, and if she was guilty—but I would not entertain the idea. The glamour of romance and adventure was upon me, and I had an indefinable feeling that I was linked into the case from the first. And the story! When I thought of the newspaper that could carry the story of that murder solved on its front page, I grew faint.

The couple were just getting out of the street entrance when I reached the anteroom, and as the attendant was somewhat surprised to learn that I had been in the room, I stopped for a moment to explain. I then stepped out upon the street, and in a moment discerned the two figures, walking rapidly down the street away from the business district.

It was almost dark, so I set out behind them without fear of detection. It did not take me a moment to decide they were strangers, for they halted often and seemed to consult about the direction. I followed at a leisurely pace, and never for a moment did they suspect they were being shadowed.

In a short while they were out in the apartment house district, and I was certain they would soon stop and I would get their address with ease. They continued, however, and I was soon at loss in my guess as to their destination. But I held doggedly on, determined to see the finish.

I don't believe in animal instinct to any great extent, but while following the fast-walking pair a strange feeling came over me. I felt I was being followed. I looked behind me again and again, but no figures showed in the bright glare of arclights. I waited and listened, but no footfall sounded behind me. I kept steadily on, but the warning grew stronger every moment. A ruse to make it certain came to me, and it was no sooner thought than done.

An empty wagon was standing near, and the driver had evidently gone to deliver some parcel. I bounded over the wheel and assumed the stooping attitude and weary manner of the veteran wagon driver of the city. It was a good idea, for I had an open view down the street, and could still see the couple I was following.

I sat breathless, not daring to look around, while seeming to myself to fit into the scene perfectly. I had not long to wait.

Down the street and into the range of my gaze padded two figures, who looked constantly to the right and left, but always keeping ahead. Like a pair of hounds they were on the trail, only making no sound. Their feet seemed to be falling into sand instead of hard block pavement, and there was something terribly sinister in their hunting.

They shot by me, and I was down from the wagon in a flash and behind them, using caution as I went. The race was now three-cornered, I knew, for far ahead I could still see the two women, and between us was the pair of "dog-men," hunting I knew not what, unless it might be myself. The whole affair was getting more mysterious every moment, but I was behind every one else, and that looked like high cards in the deal.

My rapid pace behind the two soon brought all three close to the leading pair. I saw their manner change, for their grew more cautious and watchful. I looked around for my bearings, and my bravery received an awful jolt. We were nearing the Mexican quarter of the city.

In our office the mention of this section was "tabooed," for none of us dared go prying around there for a story. A knife under the ribs is not a pleasant sensation and the effects are lasting. It was rumored things happened in that quarter of which the police never knew, and that they would go on happening until it was torn down and the Mexicans moved to some other part of town. The police did not deny or affirm the talk. Just smiled in a quiet way as if to say "What's the use?"

I was scared, but I could not quit. That girl had a grip on me that I would not break, and those silent men meant harm to some one, I was sure. I hastened my pace.

We were approaching a dark corner, when the action that changed the moving

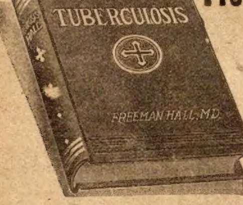
DISHES FREE
FOR EASY SPARE MOMENTS WORK

31 Pieces
Popular Violet and Gold Design
31 Pieces
Each Piece Absolutely Guaranteed

Never will you find a more liberal offer. This 31 piece dinner set is a beauty. Women are simply wild over it. Each piece is perfect—pure white—guaranteed not to craze. Entire set finished in the popular violet and gold design—all the rage in fashionable city homes. Now is the time to get it. You need no money. Merely give away—free—12 beautiful art pictures—one with each box of our famous Alton Mentho-Salve which you sell at 25c a box. Then send us the $3.00 collected and dishes will be sent immediately. That's all. **Don't send a penny.** We ship pictures and salve at once to start you—free and prepaid. Send your name and address on a postal—today.

ALTON MERCHANDISE CO., 236488 MILWAUKEE AVE., CHICAGO

Tuberculosis
Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure
Free



NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS
By FREEMAN HALL, M. D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Tuberculosis can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Tuberculosis, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Co., 6192 Rose St., Kalamazoo, Mich., they will gladly send you the book by return mail FREE and also a generous supply of the new Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life

SPALDING
To All Parents | BOYS WILL BE BOYS | Play vs. Work

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." If you give your BOY the opportunity to have some recreation, the time he takes off will be made up many fold by his greater willingness to do his "chores" and, in addition, you will have a healthier and a better BOY in the end.

SPALDING'S ATHLETIC LIBRARY
No. 8R. The Art of Skating. 25c.
No. 18R. Wrestling. 25c.
No. 25R. Boxing. 25c.
No. 20R. How to Play Ice Hockey. 25c.
No. 21R. Jiu Jitsu. 25c.
No. 24R. Dumb Bell Exercises. 25c.

SPALDING'S CATALOGUE OF WINTER SPORTS
shows pictures and prices of Skates, Foot Balls, Basket Balls, Striking Bags, Boxing Gloves, Sweaters, Jerseys and everything for Winter Pastimes. Even if you don't want anything now, write for a copy. There is something in it to interest every member of the family. Sent FREE.

SPALDING'S ATHLETIC LIBRARY
23 Warren Street, New York City.

WeWantMen
To sell our Guaranteed Made-to-Order Suits

We have the finest and most profitable proposition ever offered and we will be glad to back up any good man with our capital, which will net him a regular income. You need no money or experience. We furnish everything to start. Any bright man can make big money with our line all the year round.

OUR PLAN: We ship by prepaid express large and expensive outfit of 300 cloth samples (NO FOLDERS) lithographed fashion plates order blanks, advertising matter, everything free. We save you more than half on anything you buy.

Made-to-Order Suits $6.50

No difficuly in getting orders at these prices. Don't buy a suit anywhere at any price until you see our amazing offer. Write immediately for exclusive agency.

THE CAPITOL TAILORS
Dept. 100 Monroe & Market Sts., Chicago

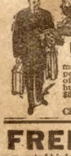
WATCH & RING FREE
FOR SPARE TIME WORK

Articles guaranteed as represented. Watch is popular thin model--open face--exquisitely engraved. Ring has brilliant white stone. Yours for merely giving away 12 beautiful art pictures free--one with each box of our Alton-Mentho-Salve which you sell at 25c a box. Return $3 collected. Jewelry sent prepaid by first parcel post. Don't send a penny. We ship salve and pictures free prepaid. Merely send name and address.
ALTON MOSE. CO.
2368 B8 Milwaukee Ave., CHICAGO

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD EARN $25 PER WEEK

Introducing our very complete Spring line of beautiful wool suitings, wash fabrics, fancy waistings, silks, hdkfs., petticoats, etc. Up to date N. Y. City patterns. Finest line on the market. Dealing direct with the mills you will find our prices low. If others can make $10.00 to $30.00 weekly you can also. Samples, full instructions in neat sample case, shipped express prepaid. No money required. Exclusive territory. Write for particulars. Be first to apply.

STANDARD DRESS GOODS COMPANY, 27 1st St., Binghamton, N. Y.

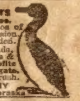


TRAVELING SALESMEN
EARN $1000 TO $5000 A YEAR

You can learn to be a salesman in eight weeks by mail and be earning while you learn. No former experience required. Write today for particulars, list of hundreds of good openings and testimonials from hundreds of our students who are earning $100 to $500 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. 102

National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago New York Kansas City San Francisco

FREE to Hunters and Trappers



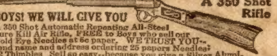
Fine Taxidermy Book Now Free. 48p. with hundreds of photos of mounted birds and animals. Learn this profession. Save your trophies. Decorate your home and den. **Learn to Stuff Birds** animals, game heads, tan furs, make rugs & robes. Quickly learned by men and boys. Big profits from spare time. Intensely interesting. Investigate. Write today for free book. Only a few free—so rush.

NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY
4141 Elwood Building Omaha, Nebraska

$40

MOTORCYCLE We have the largest line of new and used motorcycles and supplies in the country at the lowest prices. Every machine guaranteed. Send for catalog. We handle repairs for any motorcycle. Send us your machines to be overhauled. Motors and castings for airships and railway velocipedes. We exchange motorcycles.

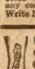
HARRY R. GEER CO., 900 McLaran Ave., St. Louis, Missouri



A 350 Shot Rifle

BOYS! WE WILL GIVE YOU

A 350 Shot Automatic Repeating All-Steel Sure Kill Air Rifle, FREE to Boys who sell our Gold Eye Needles at 5c paper. WE TRUST YOU--send name and address ordering 25 papers Needles: 12 Thimbles. Sell so easy--because you give a Silver Aluminum Thimble FREE with each 2 papers. When sold--return our $1.25--choosing your premium from our big list of 200. Free of any cost or effort--a Handsome Prize--just for promptness--so Write NOW. Waverly Supply Co. Box 484 Monongahela, Pa.



SORE LEGS HEALED
Open Legs Healed to Stay Healed. Write for book "How to Heal My Sore Leg at Home." Describe your case. A. C. LIEPE, 612 Green Bay Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

ENTERTAIN AND AMUSE YOUR GUESTS

Book containing 250 jokes and riddles; 73 toasts; 12 tricks with cards; 40 amusing experiments in magic; 16 parlor magics; 11 parlor pastimes; 8 fortune telling secrets; 10 funny readings; 52 money-making secrets. Catalog of tricks and entertaining books, all for 10c postpaid.

S. G. Abernethy, 15 Main St., Myrtle, Miss.

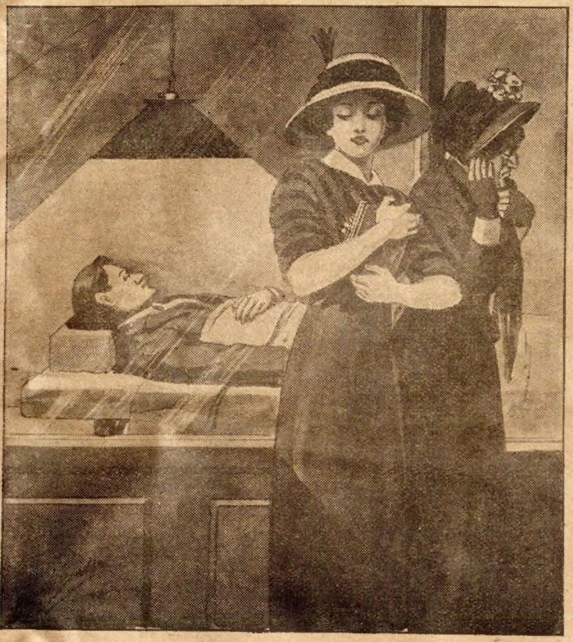
Please your wife! Stop growing old so fast! Make your mustache a rich brown or black. Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c. to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

picture broke in all its fury. The women stopped again and were debating about the way, for I could hear their voices. Just before I reached a point where I could see them, they stopped abruptly. Then the younger screamed, just once, a cry between fierce anger and distress.

I afterward said I had never heard her voice until that moment. Something wild and unrestrained broke within me, and from my lips came an answer to that call. For the time civilization was torn from me like a rag of cloth, a gap of four thousand years removed to give the savage in me play. I had heard the call of my mate in danger, and I was wild with anger. A half-dozen mighty bounds brought me up with them and I saw the trouble.

Each of the women was in the grip of one of those two shadows that had followed me. I could barely see them, the light was so dim, but I saw the outline of an arm raised above the girl's head. In an instant it would have fallen.

I was no boxer, and it was no time for precise blows. Yet I was country-raised, with more honest brawn than is the allotment of most men, and never again will I be able to put behind a blow the power that was in that first wild swing, and I growled with pleasure when it landed fair and square in the face of her assailant. He crumpled in a heap, turning and struggling in a dazed way in trying to get up. I turned upon the other, and the next instant Death clutched at me.



"Mary, Mother of God, Anita! It is he!"

The light brightened for a moment, and I glimpsed a fierce brown face set on broad shoulders, a low figure, and the strangest dress I had ever seen in a city of queer make-ups. But that was not what bewildered me.

Grasped in his right hand swung on high was a club identical to the one I had found near the murdered man! Every ugly feature of its design stood out clearly, and for the moment I could not move—just stood and stared.

The blow from the upraised arm would have killed me but for the quickness of the girl behind me. The man was no taller than she, and I was brought out of my trance by seeing her go whirling under and strike his wrist. It was not much of a blow, but quick, and when his club raked down my shoulder, I sent my right fist flush to his head. That was much of a blow, and the brute went reeling. A shout sounded up the street, and in an instant the last of the two jerked his companion to his feet, shook him fiercely to his senses, and melted in the gloom before I could cry out. A blue-coated figure came rushing up, and the glare of his pocket light searched us out.

We stood together, the girl and I, within the circle of light, and the woman just to one side. I looked at the girl's face and saw that she was really frightened. I took my cue from that at once, for I have learned faces. She did not want to be haled to police court to tell a tale of the brawl. I saw in a glance, and acted accordingly. I drew her arm through mine and walked directly up to the officer. It was a test of faith when she came with me. I peered over the glare of the light to see his face, for my game depended upon my knowing him.

"Well?" he asked gruffly, and I smiled. It was a cop I had known for months and who knew me well. I answered with a question.

"Do you know me, Denser?"

He looked again at this, and then grinned. "Sure I do, Vaile. Tell me what's up?"

God alone knows the quickness of the lie, and how it went through. He could hardly know. Its glibness helped.

"I came down into the quarter with Miss Smith, Denser, who is looking for a servant. We were coming along just here, when a couple of drunken Mexicans reeled into us, and I took a punch at one of them. They ran when they saw you. This woman," I said, turning toward the girl's companion, "was near, and will tell you the same thing."

Denser turned to the woman. "English?" he asked, and she nodded. "You heard him. Is it so?" he continued.

She nodded quickly, while I felt the girl tremble. "I come from there," she said, looking up the street. Bad hombres—very drunk. He," pointing to me, "hit so." She placed a fist under her jaw. I laughed to myself, for her acting was perfect. The policeman laughed aloud.

"It's all right, Vaile, and I am sorry to trouble you, but you know how it is." I nodded and he went on. "This amounts to nothing, as I thought at first." He took out his book. "What is your first name and address, Miss Smith?"

I felt "Miss Smith" wilt, and I thought the game was up. What would she say? Without a quiver, though, she answered.

"Mary Smith, and I live at 1205—" just a tiny pause crept in, and then she finished—"Washington street."

"Good enough," he said cordially. "If your friends come in the morning with a complaint and a sore jaw, we will get Miss Smith to back your story. Good night." He lifted his helmet and was off on his beat.

I don't know what possessed me, but that cop had not gone beyond hearing distance before I commenced to laugh. The whole humor of the situation struck me at once, and nothing could stop me, once started. The girl tinkled in with little gasps of merriment that showed her white teeth through the gloom, while the woman stood by and looked at us in wonder.

"It's your move, Miss Smith," I finally said. "I think I had better see you safe to Washington street." And here we both laughed again.

"Thank you, Mr. Vaile. You shall." I noted how quickly she had caught my name from Denser's use of it. "And on the way I shall try and thank you for your aid."

"Please don't," I begged. "It was nothing but a pair of brutes who wanted your purse." She had fallen in by my side, and the woman was walking ahead of us. "Just think that you are lucky some one came along."

She shuddered, and I was certain that she knew of something I did not. But I did not believe my own words when I thought of that grewsome club lying on Madden's desk and its counterpart that had swung over my head. Like a flash it came to me: This murdered man, and the girl who knew him, and the men who had followed her were but parts of a story. I thanked my lucky stars that I was "in" on it, all my newspaper instinct surging to the front.

"That was not the real danger," she said, in a low voice. "I would have died had that officer touched me. Your play was wonderful. How did I act my part?"

I smiled at that. "Splendidly. What made you think of Washington street? You did not know what to say a moment before, I'm sure."

She looked at me with a smile that took my breath. "I know I didn't. But I knew that soon or late every town in the United States has a street named Washington. I could not fail, you see."

"Good work. But do you know, I cannot forget those men and their looks? Had you ever seen them before?" I looked at her closely.

"No," she answered, and I knew she spoke truly. There was something so open and honest about the girl you had to believe her.

The conversation lagged a moment, for she was looking to the right and left, trying to identify her surroundings. She stopped, and looked up at me frankly.

"I must thank you again, Mr. Vaile." She held out her hand to me. "I must leave you here."

"Very well, Miss Smith," I said haughtily, laying stress on the name, for she had offered no other.

I was young and quick-tempered, and she read my mind easily. She drew close to me and whispered. "Forgive me, my friend. You are my friend, are you not?" When I nodded quickly she continued. "I must tell you all the truth, I see, you are so different. You saved my life tonight; I cannot tell you now. I shall never forget."

"Am I to see you no more?" I asked quietly. She looked at me, her clear eyes shining in the dark.

"Why do you want to see me again?"

I am plainspoken at times. "Because I have seen you once."

She dropped my hand like it had been fire, and was gone. But a silvery voice floated back out of the darkness, one that hinted of laughter. "Then you shall—soon," it said.

I went up the street, my heart singing. It was a promise.

CHAPTER IV.

IN MY belief, there is a morning after each night before. So it was in my case. Roseate dreams of the night faded and left me with cold facts and half-formed doubts. Who was this girl, and why should I think of her every moment of the day? I strove to drown her image in work, but she seemed to float just back of my typewriter with a smile on her face. The doubts wove in and out my news stories and sadly muddled them, I fear. I did not know where to place her in the mystery I was sure surrounded her. But most perplexing of all to me was how far I was indebted to Madden in acquainting him with my discoveries. We were friends—real friends. I would not have double-crossed him for any consideration, and I was under no pledge to secrecy, but what could I tell him? My ideas were not facts, and I would bring investigation that might lead to the arrest of—right there I balked. I would never see her arrested while I could prevent it.

It was in this frame of mind that I finished my work and went up to see Madden, finding him in a better humor than he had been for weeks. He would tell me nothing save that he really had a new clew to the case that had puzzled him for so long. One can imagine what cheerful news this was to me. In an instant I feared he had found something about what I had learned the night before. I only lingered long enough not to arouse his suspicions before I was alone again, thinking hard as I walked along the crowded streets. I felt that I could not speak to her of any connection with the crime, but if I could only talk with her a moment I knew I could convince her in some overt way of the danger which was impending. But how was I to see her? I had not the slightest idea, and it only increased my suspense.

I paused a moment on one of the busy corners, standing in a doorway of a building. I had just decided there was nothing I could do, and was ready to go home in disgust, when I felt a light touch on my arm. A newsboy was standing with outstretched hand, and I was about to shake my head, when I saw him holding a card. I took it eagerly and started to question him, but he was gone like a flash. I looked at the card.

"1205—Washington street. 8 o'clock."

The little oblong strip of white bore no other message save that, hastily written, but it was enough. I knew in a moment she had seen me, and wanted me to come to that address. I was surprised and overjoyed at the same time, and for a moment could not imagine how she had done it. Then I laughed to myself. I was standing in the doorway of a popular cafe, and she, sitting inside, had recognized me and decided to see me. I looked at my watch; three hours to wait.

I spent those slow passing centuries in suspense that could hardly be imagined. I did not dare hope she wanted to see me for my own sake, and yet I did that very thing. I was certain that I would learn more of her, anyway, and get the chance to drop a hint of warning that I felt imperative.

The hour found me at the appointed place, and again I was at loss. Was I to

Thin Model
17 Jewel
Movement

25-Year
Guaranteed
Gold-Strata
Case

SEND FOR THIS WATCH ON 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

To Saturday Blade readers who mail coupon below at once we will send this beautiful "Thin Model" 25-year guaranteed Gold-Strata watch, on 7 days' approval without one cent in advance—but YOU MUST BE QUICK.

This superb Watch is indeed a triumph in the art of watch-making. The photograph above shows the actual size of the Watch. The movement is the famous 17-Jewel Illinois 12 size "Bridge Model" Movement. This Watch is not only a perfect time-keeper, but the graceful thin model Gold Strata case lends it a beauty and distinction which will make it a constant joy to you every time you look at it.

Payments—Only $2 a Month

This is the greatest "watch value" in America, but we do not ask you to take our word for it. Our plan is to send you the Watch on approval so that you can see the Watch itself, examine it carefully and wear it for a week before paying us any money or obligating yourself in any way. We do not want you to send us one cent now. Just fill out and mail coupon below and we will then send you the Watch carefully packed, express prepaid. After you have worn this beautiful Watch a week, if you decide to keep it, you may send us only $2 cash and then $2 a month till the special price of $22.50 is paid. But if the Watch is not satisfactory and you do not wish to keep it, then you may return it to us "express collect." So, you see, **you take absolutely no risk.**

Free Monogram Offer To those who mail coupon below promptly, we offer to engrave by hand, their initials on the back of this watch in exquisite ribbon monogram letters. So then if **you** answer promptly, you may have **your own** initials handsomely engraved by hand on the back of this superb watch, **free of charge.** Jeweler's regular charge is from $1.50 to $2.00, but if you are prompt, we will do it for you **FREE.** This is a great opportunity—one that you must not miss. **Tear off and mail coupon at once.**

LACLEDE WATCH CO.
1127-29 Pine St.
St. Louis,
Mo.

LACLEDE
WATCH CO.
1127-29 Pine St.
St. Louis, Mo.

Send me for examination, your 17-jewel 25-year guaranteed Gold-Strata Watch, express prepaid. If the Watch is satisfactory I will send you $2 as first payment and $2 a month thereafter until your special price of $22.50 is paid. If the Watch is not satisfactory and I do not wish to keep it I will notify you within 7 days and the Watch is then to be returned at your expense, as offered Saturday Blade readers. (NOTE: Print initials you wish engraved in monogram, on edge of coupon.) 1-14

NAME............................

ADDRESS............................

FINE OLD VIOLINS

On Easy Payments
30 Days Free Trial

allowed, no matter where you live. If not more than pleased with our values return violin AT OUR EXPENSE—and no harm done. Ability to play the violin brings social and financial success. Get a violin with a rich, mellow tone and it will create in you a desire to master it.

Free! Magnificent Album-Catalog

containing portraits of the world's greatest violinists since Paganini's time, a half-tone of "Stradivarius in His Workshop," and the romantic story of The King of Musical Instruments. A postal brings all to you FREE—no obligations.

CREMONA VIOLIN SHOP
Dept. A 1, Chicago

Standard 300 Candle Power LAMP

New Patented Automatic Features. Turns night into day. Gives better light than gas, electricity or 18 ordinary lamps. Costs 1 cent a night. A miniature portable lighting plant for every purpose. Makes its own light from common gasoline. Absolutely safe. Write today for our special offer and secure this lamp FREE

STANDARD LAMP CO.
610 Standard Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

I Trust You Ten Days. Send No Money

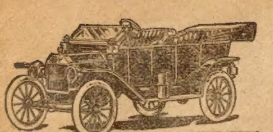
Send lock of hair and I will mail a 22-inch, short stem, fine human hair switch to match. Choice, natural wavy or straight hair. A big bargain. Remit $2 in ten days or sell three and Get Your Switch Free. Extra shades a little more. Enclose 5c postage. Write today for free beauty book of latest styles of hair dressing, high grade switches, puffs, wigs, pompadours. Bargains in Ostrich Feathers. Women agents wanted. ANNA AYERS, Dept. K27, 220 S. State St., Chicago.

$2 Hair Switch on Approval.

X-RAY The latest scientific wonder. Clothes and flesh turn transparent and bones can plainly be seen. Price by mail 10 cents. HARE & CO., 6143 University Avenue, CHICAGO

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for three free books; inventions wanted, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities. RICHARD B. OWEN, 22 Owen Bldg., Washington, D.C.

Missouts or Passers $2.00 Pair
Strongest work made, satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Catalog Free. S. VINE & CO., SWANTON, OHIO



FREE!

This Handsome Ford Automobile

—or a Thor Motorcycle! And a steady income of $10 a day and up in just your spare time taking orders for Reliable Tailored-to-Order Clothes.

Read Carefully! If you will agree to act as the local representative for the famous **Reliable Made-to-Order Clothes,** we have a plan to equip you with a new, 1914 Model Ford Touring Car or Thor Motorcycle absolutely free and start you in a business which will pay you $10 and up a day for just your spare time.

Here's how we can make this offer: The automobile or motorcycle multiplies your acquaintances—thus gets business. Distance doesn't tie you down—you make trips of 50 to 200 miles a day, see the country, enjoy the wonderful, joyous thrill of automobiling anywhere you want to go. We make our representatives the big people of their communities so they can do a big business and earn big profits both for themselves and us. No experience necessary—any live man can make good. **And you are your own boss all the time.**

Send for Free $10-a-Day Book

Get Started Now! Don't Waste a Minute! Don't let anybody beat you to it. It's the most amazing opportunity you ever had. A postal brings you our splendid big Book, complete outfit—samples, tape measure, blanks, full instructions—everything free—at once. You can't lose—but you must act quick—Today! Write

RELIABLE TAILORING CO., 909 A W. Jackson Boul., Chicago

MAN OF MYSTERY

PROPHET AND GUIDE

Educated in Hindoo Philosophy and Egyptian Lore.

Born in that far-off land of Mystery, he was endowed in a very peculiar way, when quite a child, with an insight into people's lives, simply by touching something they had handled or worn.

Send your name and birth-date with directed envelope in your own handwriting. If it is convenient you may send 10 cents stamps of your own country (or English money) to pay postage, etc. Do not enclose coins or silver in your letter, but stamps only.

HASAN WADI, III,
20, Old Cavendish Street, London, England

NEW RUPTURE CURE

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS.

Brook's Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymphol. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial. Pat. Sept. 10, '01.

CATALOGUE FREE

C. E. BROOKS, 1843, State St., Marshall, Mich.

BRACELET AND RING FREE

For Spare Moment Work

Nethersole bracelet--rolled gold plated--patent joint. Cluster ring ruby gem, 10 pearls, rolled gold plated and guarant'd 10 yrs. Free--12 art pictures--one with each box of Alton-Mentho-Salve which you sell at 25c a box. Send $3.00 collected. Jewelry comes by return post. No money--salve and pictures free. Send name and address today.

Beautiful Engraved Design

ALTON MERCHANDISE CO., 2382 BB MILWAUKEE AVE., CHICAGO

5 H P.. 1914 Peerless Motorcycle

With Free Engine. Bosch Magneto together with the best there is in motorcycle construction—Power, Silence, Endurance, and those Wearing Qualities so essential for low cost of maintenance.

5 Miles for 1 Cent.

Agents Wanted—Liberal Discounts

PEERLESS MOTORCYCLE CO., "16" Grove Hall, Boston, Mass.

TOBACCO HABIT Conquered easily in 3 days! Improve health, prolong your life. Relieve stomach or kidney trouble, hoarseness, headaches, irritability, nervous worry, heart weakness. Avoid blindness! **Gain lasting vigor,** calm nerves, better memory, clear eyes, superior mental strength. Banish spells of melancholy; avoid collapse. If you chew, dip snuff or **smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars,** get my interesting free book. Just what you have been looking for. Proved worth weight in gold to others; why not you? Overcome nicotine habit, start now and be genuinely happy. Book mailed free. FREE

EDW. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Avenue, 171X New York, N. Y.

TAPE-WORM Expelled alive in 60 minutes with head, or no fee. No fasting. 68 page Book for 2c stamp. DR. M. NEYSMITH, Specialist, 304 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Write particulars for Harris Treatment, Suite 89 No. 358 W. 58th St. New York

ELECTRIC HOME and FARM LIGHTING PLANTS CARRIAGE, BICYCLE, FISHING, FLASH and XMAS LIGHTS, Railways, Dynamos, Engines, Belts, Books, Cat. 3c. OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, D.3, Cleveland, O

MENDING TISSUE The Wonder of the age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents, three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., Parnassus, Pa.

go into the house or wait for some other sign? I decided the latter more cautious. It was.

I had halted only a few moments, that would show a watcher that I was waiting for some one, when a muffled figure stole out of the shadows near the house. It glided to my side, and in the light of the street I recognized the companion of my lady.

"This way," she whispered and set off down the street.

I have always held that the longest walk of my life. We were often stopped by the indecision of my guide, who was evidently in a strange neighborhood. We were again making for the Mexican quarter, I saw in a short time, but as we drew near it the woman swung to the north and nearly around it, to where the best class of residences the city could boast were located. In front of one of these she finally halted, turned in, and together we went up the steps. She rapped softly at the door and it opened silently, as if it controlled itself. We passed inside.

If I had been in another world I could not have been more startled. The furnishings of the hall were a queer mixture of modern and ancient styles, and though I was ignorant of such things, looked to be Spanish in nature.

Soft light cast a glow almost heavenly over the room. It was strange and weird, and I felt as if I had left the world just outside far behind. My guide led me to a far corner of the room and left me alone.

Even to myself I could not describe my feelings in those moments. I remember them in a way as those of a man suddenly plunged into water and trying to right himself and swim. The walls seemed to have eyes, and the soft, slow moving curtains ears. The light seemed smiling at me, and far away in the depths of the house I heard a woman's laugh.

The curtain to the side of me swayed gently and—she stood there! Ah, but that picture will last within my heart forever, should I forget all else. Before me was a Spanish maiden, slender as a willow but far more graceful, smiling frankly into my eyes. She was clad in a dress of deep rich red that made her carmine lips look redder than the two wonderful red roses that were caught in her corsage. She was the Spirit of Youth—a Flame of Life. I stood before her with parted lips, a worshiper without rhyme or reason, simply knowing I saw a glorious creature, at whose feet I wished to fall. A small white hand rested in mine, and prompted by an unknown motive, I stopped and kissed it. She laughed her tinkling little laugh.

"You are a flatterer, Senor Vaile," she said, with a delicious accent which I knew was affected. "I knew it the moment I saw you."

"I cannot flatter you, senorita," I answered, with a smile.

"And a courtier, too," she cried gayly, "with a basket of pretty speeches ready, senor. I shall have to be careful with you," and she sank upon the divan and motioned me to a low seat near her feet.

It's a pretty custom among the Spanish, ancient as their rockbound shores, that a lover shall sit at the feet of his beloved. It comes down to son from father, and to daughters from their mothers to expect it. I had not been taught, but I was an apt pupil. I dropped into my place and gazed into her eyes for one long moment. I had only seen her the evening before and just for a moment on this night, yet I loved her and she knew it. She was the first to turn away.

"Senor," she said softly, holding to the accent, "perhaps I am not wise in sending for you. But I wanted to thank you again——"

"I will not have it, though, Miss Smith," I said laughingly. "You have thanked me twice, and that is enough for any one. Are we not friends?"

She nodded quickly.

"Then I will tell you in the code of my fathers, there is no end and no beginning to the word friendship. My father would have died at the stake for his friends, and he taught me the principles that should govern the human heart. I knew you forever the moment that I saw you. There is nothing I would not do for you."

I was serious, and the girl before me had taken my heart by storm and was taking my head, too. She looked at me with wide eyes, but without the slightest embarrassment; a little smile played over her lips.

"Senor Vaile, you are a son of your father. You need not tell me where you are from. I know." She leaned over and whispered the name of my native State.

"But how did you know, senorita?" I asked.

"Ah!" she said. "I was there—once." A soft, sad smile played over her face. "It is a blessed spot, where men are not hard-hearted or bold; where women let themselves be—just women. Do you long to go back there often?"

For a moment I saw gleaming fields of white cotton, a wide, stately river. The dark sweep of the evergreen swamp and the soft song of the pines was in my ears. She laughed quickly, and I started, surprised to have lost her for a moment.

"You saw them did you not, senor?" I nodded, and in a moment I was telling her of my Southern home and how I had followed my fortunes far away from it, longing to return, but always being driven on by a Fate that said I must wander. I told her of the game I had played—not for money, not for fame—for there is none for the journalist, but for the sake of the Game itself. I did not realize I was talking so much about myself, for I had dropped back to the soft Southern accent, and the girl was looking at me with parted lips and eyes that saw through mine. I reached the end, and she dropped back with a sigh.

"I have wearied you, senorita, I have talked too much of myself." I was really ashamed and my manner showed it.

"No, no, senor!" she cried. "You have shown me yourself. I know why you have played the game you love so well. You tell things as I dreamed them, long ago. I, too, am a stranger in a strange land. Would you care to hear, Mr. Valle?"

"Would I? I have been longing for you to trust me, senorita," I said simply.

"And I have longed for some one to listen and understand," she answered. "I have seen you wonder why I gave you no other name save that of Miss Smith. That is my name, Mr. Vaile—Mary Smith." She smiled at my astonishment and continued: "I, too, have memories. I had a father who was as dear to me as your own could ever be, and they came of the same mold. My mother," she drew herself up proudly, and I was glad of the way she did it, "my mother was a daughter of old Mexico, with the purest of Castilian blood flowing in her veins. I am proud of that blood, senor." The rich accent rippled again, and she looked like a queen with her slender shoulders set back and her black eyes flashing. I saw she flung the words out like a challenge. I answered by reaching up and gripping her hand, and I shook it as I would have done had she been a man. She gathered my meaning in a moment, and tears sprang into her eyes.

"Thank you, Mr. Vaile," she said quietly. "I am glad to have met you again. I think I have acted wisely in sending for you." My eyes leaped to meet hers, but she turned away and continued:

"My father was James Smith, soldier of fortune, and my mother was the daughter of Juan Valdez, once Governor of Chihuahua. I can remember little of her, save a dear saint used to take a naughty little girl to the good padre of the mission that he might lecture her. A short while after that period I was sent to an American school, and when I returned she was gone, senor." Her voice dropped low and sweet, and I knew indeed she did not hold me lightly, thus to lead me into the most revered spot of her life.

"My father followed her soon and I was left alone in the world to uphold the fortunes of the family. Alone, I said, senor, but that is not right. There is one other, dearer to me than life itself," and she smiled as she thought of the absent one. "That is all, Mr. Vaile, save when I sit and dream as you did. I see glorious mountains in which is set a lake of clearest crystal. Countless cattle graze in the valleys green with grass. The air is like wine, and the sun burns until you love its fire. And the nights, senor! Nights of glory and of love. Either you see the clear light of the Southern Cross, or oceans of moonlight that turn the world to silver, your heart to song, and your soul to pure things." Her voice was a whisper but her eyes were like lambent flame. She was seeing the days of yore, as I had done, and she was divine, as the ghost of past happiness passed over her face. I loved her with all my heart and soul, and I knew that I should not tell her until I knew her better—or rather, longer. I rose unsteadily to my feet, for I was fighting harder for self-control than ever I had in all my life.

"I have wearied you," she said naively, catching my sentence as she stood before me.

"You know you have not, senorita," I answered gravely. "I must be going, that I may not say—what I would say." I threw up my head and looked at her long, as she slowly read my meaning.

"You are a man, and I am proud to call you my friend, Mr. Vaile," she answered, slowly picking her words that came as clear as a bell. "I am not afraid to listen to you now, but I would rather not until my work here is finished." I started at that, but she would not notice. "It is something of which I may not tell you now, but it will not always be so. Would you care to wait, senor?" The way she spoke the word was music that tore my heart.

"Always!" I cried.

"No—not that," she answered quickly. "I have reasons to fear that word. It shall be soon, my friend. A pledge?"

My eyes flew to the roses at her breast. She took one from its place and extended it. "That shall be our password, senor. Did you ever see a rose like that? There are only a few. They do not fade or wither, but die at once like soldiers in battle. That rose shall be your sign. Should I need you, would you come?"

"You know best, senorita."

She smiled tenderly. "I may call—at any time, at any place. But I know you would, Mr. Vaile. Keep this rose, ever for your memory's sake." The mystic Latin blood of her was riot, and I believe she loved me then. "It may die, but I shall keep one blooming ever—for you. Have I said too much?" She extended the rose with both hands, her head drooping.

For answer I grasped them and crush-

(Continued on page seventeen.)

STOPPED HIS DRINKING

This Wife and Mother Saved Her Husband Over Ten Years Ago

SHE WILL GLADLY TELL YOU HOW

FREE

Write to Her Today. Send No Money. She Has Nothing To Sell

For over 20 years Jas. Anderson of Hillburn, N. Y., was a confirmed drunkard. His case was about as bad as it could be, but a little over ten years ago his devoted wife, after years of trying, finally succeeded in stopping his drinking entirely.

Write to this woman if you have a relative or friend who drinks

Not only did she save Mr. Anderson but she stopped the drinking of her brother and several of her neighbors as well. All this she accomplished with a simple home remedy which any one can get and use. And she now desires to tell every man and woman who has a relative or friend who drinks, just what it is.

It can be given secretly if desired and every reader of this notice who is interested in curing a dear one of drinking should write to Mrs. Anderson at once. Her reply will come by return mail in a sealed envelope. She does this gladly, in hopes that others will be benefited as she was. One thing she asks however, and that is that you do not send money for she has nothing to sell. Her complete address is 166 Hill Ave., Hillburn, N. Y.

NOTE—This offer should be accepted at once by all who have dear ones who drink. In fact, every one who has to contend in any way with drunkenness should know about it. Therefore, if you do not write Mrs. Anderson yourself CUT THIS NOTICE OUT and mail it to a friend who could use her advice. And even though you do answer it, MAIL IT TO SOMEONE ELSE who you think would like to know what Mrs. Anderson used. In other words, let this notice reach as many as possible for Mrs. Anderson will reply to every letter, no matter how many she receives.

MAKE YOUR BIKE A MOTORCYCLE

at a small cost, by using our attachable outfit. Fits any Bicycle. Easily attached. No Special Tools Required.

"IT IS CHEAP RIDING."

Mr. Greenfield of Texas, writes: "The motor I ordered from you some time ago has given good satisfaction. Carries me up any hill and against any wind. It is cheap riding."

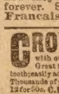
Free Book Write today for bargain list and free booklet, describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles all makes, new and second-hand, $35.00 up.

SHAW MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 5, Galesburg, Kansas.

4 Actress Rings FREE

Send for 6 Boxes of Palmers Wonder Salve to sell at 25c box. Quick seller, everybody needs it. When sold send us $1.50 and we will send you these 4 Beautiful Im. Diamond Actress rings, or your choice of other premiums on our big premium list FREE.

HOWARD & CO., 11 Lee St., PALMYRA, PA.



Are You Bashful?

A French specialist has discovered a scientifique and sure method for the cure of Bashfulness in every form. He offers free English book to all bashful people, showing how they can quickly rid themselves of bashfulness forever. Send 2c. stamp to: Bureau Scientifique Francais, Dept. 40, Hochelaga, Montreal, Can.

CROWN YOUR TEETH with our gold finished shells and fool your friends. Great fad; resembles dentists' work. Slips over the tooth; easily adjusted; removed at will. Over two million sold. Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c each; 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. C. B. FARGO, Dept. D FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

You Can Make $10.00 PER 100 COLLECTING your neighbors names for our Directory. All kinds of names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and outfit. We want a million names quick. TEEL DIRECTORY CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.

THE CROOKED MAN

Or, WOLFERT'S PROBLEM By WILDER ANTHONY

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 1, January 3. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

CONNELLY wriggled uneasily. "S'help me, god!" he burst forth. "I don't know myself. I wish I did. I——"

"Don't lie," Wolfert interrupted crisply. "I know better than that, and you know it. A little while ago, when you took me for Kelly, you admitted that you were his go-between; furthermore, you've been shadowed for a week. I know that you are the man who hired Henderson to paint that vault front, and that you acted as errand boy between Stevens and your chief. Just how much you had to do with the double-crossing of Stevens, I don't know, but I can guess a great deal. Unless you want to be tried for his murder, you'd better tell the truth while you have the chance."

"S'help me," Connelly expostulated, "I didn't kill him. I never was in the bank in my life. It was the Chief and Roche pulled off that deal."

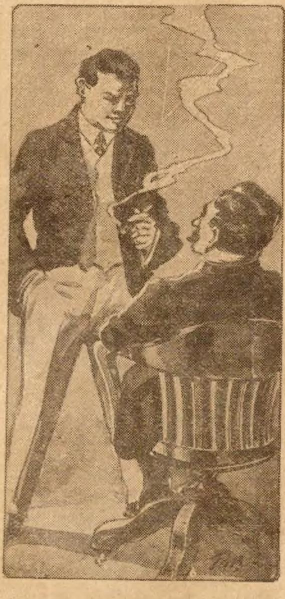
"Yes, Roche has confessed," lied Wolfert.

The shot told. Connelly's huge figure collapsed like a pricked bubble; his face turned a pasty white; if it had not been for the supporting edge of the table he would have fallen. Never a brave man, his nerve at this moment was totally gone.

"You've got me!" he gasped, when at length he could speak. "I don't see how you doped it out, but you seem to know everything. I don't know the Chief's real name—I've never heard it; but he's a humpback, an' you can find him at Danton's some times."

"Very well," said the detective, getting to his feet. "I don't think that you're lying this time, but it will not do you any good if you are. You can't get away from us. I'm going to leave here now and you are going with me. I shall not take any chances of your double-crossing me—you'll be put in a safe place until after I prove the truth of your story. Remember I am armed, and don't attempt any tricks!"

Marching Connelly ahead of him, Wolfert went along the passage and out on to the street without encountering any one. Trench, apparently was still absent, getting the supper, which the detective had ordered, and the building was otherwise evidently deserted.



"They've planned the biggest haul of the century."

When he arrived at his own rooms the detective placed his prisoner, who had been very tractable, under the charge of an assistant, and turned in for a few hours' sleep.

Next morning, just after he had finished a rather late breakfast, Wolfert was both surprised and pleased to receive a visit from Inspector Warren.

"I have," said the latter, standing with his back to the empty fireplace, and eyeing his host after the manner of one who has good news to impart, "been working on the tip you gave me the other day. Using those window bars as a lever, so to speak, I've managed to make Roche admit that Stevens was in the thing. Roche won't tell why, or by whom, he was shot; but he may change his mind later. At any rate, I've had something to work on and I've found that Stevens' record is not as clean as it looked at first. He was a great frequenter of Danton's."

"So I have been told," Wolfert remarked, "and he is said to have lost a great deal of money there, which accounts for his going wrong. Also, it dovetails very nicely with some rather important clews that have come to my notice recently. This Danton establishment will bear watching, Inspector."

"Surely, you don't think that——"

"I don't think anything, my dear fellow; but I know a few things. The Crooked Man is also a frequenter of Danton's."

"Great Scott! That is where they met, then!"

"Exactly. All kinds of people go there, you know, and a better rendezvous could not have been chosen. With a photograph of the vault to make his screen from and unhindered access into the building, any good cracksman could have done the rest. Stevens was shot simply because he was in the way—too many fingers in a pie are always bad, you know. The thieves were afraid he might 'peach' on them."

"The photograph?" Inspector Warren lifted his brows inquiringly, when the other paused.

"Oh!" Wolfert laughed heartily. "I forgot that you did not share the secret." He proceeded to relate all that he had discovered since their last meeting.

The Inspector listened in astonishment. At the end he began to pace the floor excitedly.

"All we need to do," he declared, "is watch Danton's until we catch a glimpse of this hunchback and arrest him. Deformity of that sort is not common even in New York, so that we stand very little chance of making a mistake."

"Don't be too hasty, Inspector," Wolfert laughed. "We haven't as much real proof as you think. A man must have rope to hang himself with, and it is usually a good plan to make haste slowly. Within a couple of days I expect to have all the evidence we shall need. Until then, let's try to be patient."

"You're right," Warren admitted. "I'll wait for word from you before I do anything definite. It will do no harm, however, to put a watch on the place. Our bird is liable to suspect something, now that Connelly has been captured, and he may try to skip out. We must prevent that at all costs."

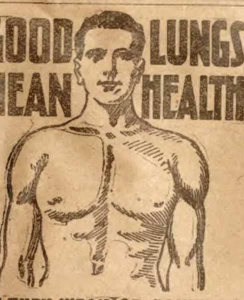
That night, at an hour when most people had gone to bed, Wolfert unlocked a small closet at one end of his office and took down from a shelf something which closely resembled a jointed fishing-rod. Its smaller end, however, terminated in a clawlike hook, while the larger had a few feet of insulated wire trailing from it. Unjointed, this contrivance packed into a very small compass, looking much like an umbrella when rolled in its waterproof case.

From the same shelf the detective took a small rubber disk, not unlike a telephone receiver in appearance, and a coil of copper wire. Placing these things in the side pockets of a short black coat, he changed his derby hat for a soft felt, looked carefully to the working order of an automatic pistol, which he slipped inside his vest, picked up the disjointed rod, and left the office.

It was very dark. A slight mist, hardly more than a fog in density, presaged a rain, as Wolfert walked rapidly along the deserted streets. Half an hour after he left his office he paused in the deeper darkness of a shadow, and peered at a brilliantly lighted house opposite him. It was a big, brownstone affair, with large windows and an imposing front—not for nothing was Roger Danton's gambling palace known the world over.

For some time, during which he saw several persons enter the house, Wolfert remained motionless in the shadow, then he darted across the street and ducked into the mouth of a narrow alley, which ran between Danton's and the next house. A few yards from the street the lower end of an iron fire-escape hung down to within ten feet of the pavement, while a few feet to one side a heavy gutter-pipe reached up to the roof. Slinging the rod around his neck by means of a looped wire, the detective grasped the pipe and swarmed up it until he could reach the bottom of the ladder with one hand. Afterward it was easy for him to climb to the top of the house. Twelve feet away, on the opposite side of the alley, a hazy sort of network, looming up indistinctly in the darkness, showed where a num-

GOOD LUNGS MEAN HEALTH



ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?

Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually hawking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

These are Regarded Symptoms of Lung Trouble and

TUBERCULOSIS

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

We Stand Ready to Prove to You

absolutely that Lung Germine, the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of Tuberculosis, Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other lung troubles. Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung Germine. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity. Lung Germine has cured advanced Tuberculosis, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

Let Us Send You the Proof--Proof that will Convince any Judge or Jury on Earth

We will gladly send you the proof of many remarkable cures, also a FREE TRIAL of Lung Germine together with our new 40-page book (in colors) on the treatment and care of Tuberculosis and lung trouble.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME

LUNG GERMINE CO., 779 Rae Block, Jackson, Mich.

Special Prices on Edwards STEEL Shingles!

Send NOW for *Edwards' 1914 Direct-from-Factory Offer.* Amazing prices. Freight paid.

Edwards *STEEL* Shingles never rot or burn. Made forever rustproof by famous Edwards "Tightcote" Process. Easier put on than common shingles. No extras. No tools. No expert workmen. No paint required. Far outlast wood shingles. Over 125,000 satisfied users. Write. Get prices and Free Book No. 1352. Send dimensions of roof if possible. (159)

This Brings Big Offer

THE EDWARDS MFG. CO.
1302-1352 Lock Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send Book on your Steel Shingles, together with latest Freight-Paid prices.

Name ....

Address ....

FREE booklet—how to master the AUTO TRADE—spare times—at home. Let us start you as a CHAUFFEUR OR MECHANICIAN—we've started hundreds. SEND NOW for PROOFS & FREE BOOK. DYKE'S SCHOOL OF MOTORING, Box 3 Roe Bldg., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A NEW IDEA OF TEACHING BY MAIL WITH DYKE'S WORKING MODELS CHARTS, MANIKINS, ETC.

VIOLIN, CORNET or GUITAR FREE FINE TONE

To introduce our wonderful new system of teaching note music by mail, Violin, Cornet, Guitar, Piano and Organ, will give you dandy instrument absolutely FREE and guarantee to make you a player or no charge. Complete outfit FREE. Special offer to first pupil. Write at once. SLINGERLAND'S CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept. 29 Chicago, Ill.

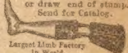
FREE WATCH, RING AND CHAIN

Our fully guaranteed watch is highly engraved, stem-wind, stem-set, simulated gold finished; desirable size, late thin model, fancy bezel, new design; given free to anyone for selling 20 jewelry articles at 10c ea. Order jewelry now; when sold send $2, and we'll send you watch, exquisite three-stone RING and fine Ladies' or Gent's Chain FREE. DALE WATCH CO., DEPT. 26, CHICAGO

Erickson Leg

Arms, Braces, Wheel Chairs, Stockings, SOLD ON EASY TERMS.
E. H. Erickson Artificial Limb Co., 10 Wash Av. No., Minneapolis, Minn.

Does not chafe, overheat or draw end of stump. Send for Catalog.



Largest Limb Factory in World.

SILK REMNANTS for Patching, Crazy Quilts, Sofa Cushions, Bed Spreads. Large Pieces, best quality. Send 10c, large package. 3 for 25c. S. G. ABERNETHY, Box 239, Myrtle, Miss.

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT

Weak and unhealthy kidneys cause so much sickness and suffering and when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, serious results may be expected.

COPYRIGHT 1899, DR. KILMER & Co.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys should have attention first because their work is most important.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or run down condition commence taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because if it proves to be the remedy you need and your kidneys begin to improve they will help all the other organs to health.

Prevalence of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patients, *who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects*, while the *original disease* constantly undermines the system.

A Trial Will Convince Anyone.

Thousands of people have testified that the mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized and that it stands the highest for its remarkable results in the most distressing cases.

Symptoms of Kidney Trouble.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you suffer from annoying bladder troubles, frequently passing water at night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment, headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, poor digestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, bloating, irritability, wornout feeling, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh or sallow complexion, kidney trouble in its worst form may be stealing upon you.

Swamp-Root is Pleasant to Take.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores.

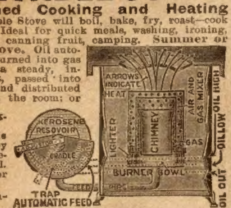
Sample Size Bottle.

SPECIAL NOTE—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. This gives you the opportunity to prove the remarkable merit of this medicine. They will also send you a book of valuable information, containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Be sure to say you read this offer in the Chicago Ledger.

PORTABLE STOVE

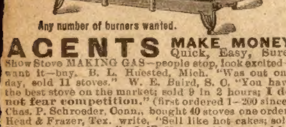
ombined Cooking and Heating

he Portable Stove will boil, bake, fry, roast—cook nything. Ideal for quick meals, washing, ironing, ot water, canning fruit, camping. Summer or vinter stove. Oil automatically turned into gas rnishes a steady, intense heat, passed into adiator and distributed hroughout the room; or ondensed nder cooking vessels he heat is bsorbed by rticles being cooked. Heat under ontrol. Not Dangerous Like Gasoline. No valves—no wicks. Nothing to clog, close up or get out of order. Heats rooms—slow ire or fast fire. No flues or chimneys. Light—pick t up, set it anywhere. Many Thousands of the Portable Oil Gas Stoves sent to families in all parts of the world. Men and women enthusiastic over its comfort, convenience and economy.



WHAT USERS SAY "It is so convenient and economical," Rev. P. V. Hawkins, Ohio. "It is clean, convenient, no trouble, burns steadily; perfect baking," Henry Schilling, Ill. "For Baking It has no equal," V. E. Bostwick, O. "Bakes pies, cakes, bread; never saw nicer baking done," Mrs. O. Thompson, O. "Never cooked meals so quick and easy," James Newark, Mich. "Baked, cooked, washed, ironed—can do anything my range does," Mrs. M. E. King, Ky. "Cooked for a family of 6 for 5 days with 8 quarts of oil; they are great time and fuel savers," H. M. Irey, Ia. "Heated a room when the temperature was 10 degrees below zero with one radiator," Wm. Baering, Ind. "With the radiator it soon warms up our dining room," J. F. Lisson, Calif. "We are using it to heat our office," Mc Pherson Co., R. I. "Only used a half a gallon of oil last week for cooking, baking and ironing," E. N. Helwig, Ont.

CAN YOU DO WITHOUT the Portable Oil Gas Stove? Save time, trouble, anxiety, annoyance, expense, drudgery, fuel bills. Get rid of kindling, coal, wood, dirt, ashes—all nuisance. Always Ready for Use. Practical invention. Simple, durable. Lasts for years. PRICE IS LOW $3.25 and up; any number of burners. Give it a trial. Not sold in stores. Send no money. Write today for full description.

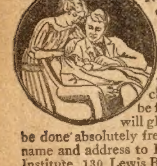

Any number of burners wanted.

AGENTS MAKE MONEY Quick, Easy, Sure. Show Stove MAKING GAS—people stop, look excited—want it—buy. B. L. Huested, Mich. "Was out one day, sold 11 stoves." W. E. Baird, S. C. "You have the best stove on the market; sold 9 in 2 hours; I do not fear competition." (first ordered 1—200 since) Chas. P. Schroeder, Conn., bought 40 stoves one order. Head & Frazer, Tex. write, "Sell like hot cakes; sold 50 stoves in our town." J. W. Hunter, Ala. secured 1—tested it—ordered 100 since. J. G. R. Gauthreaux, La. ordered 1; 155 since. So they go. These men make money. You have the same chance. You should make from $10 to $15 a day. Write for our selling plan. Do it today. Send no money.

THE WORLD MFG. CO., 4000 WORLD BLDG., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

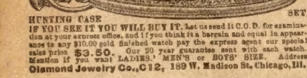
Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of pain. Sent free



No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 130 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y. and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

ELEGANT Thin Model 20 YEAR Watch $3.50

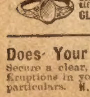
Hunting case beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind and stem set, fitted with jewel adjusted movement, guaranteed a correct timekeeper, with long gold finished chain for Ladies, vest chain or silk fob for Gents.



IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it C.O.D. for examination at your express office, and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $10.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent our special sales price $3.50. Our 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want LADIES,' MEN'S or BOYS' SIZE. Address Diamond Jewelry Co., C12, 189 W. Madison St. Chicago, Ill.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

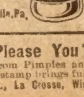
Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., Parnassus, Pa.



FREE 4 RINGS

Send name and address. Get 24 papers Gold Eye needles. Sell 2 papers for 10c with thimble FREE. When sold remit $1.20 and these four beautiful rings are yours.

GLOBE CO., Dept. 302 Greenville, Pa.



Does Your Complexion Please You? Secure a clear, healthy skin free from Pimples and Eruptions in your home. Two cent stamp brings full particulars. H. VASSAR CHEMICAL CO., La Crosse, Wis.

ber of telephone and telegraph wires crossed over into the next block.

Sitting down on the edge of the roof, the detective rapidly uncovered the rod and pieced it together, after which he connected the rubber disk to the wire on its larger end. Then he reached out and hung the hooked tip on one of the wires in front of him, placed the disk to his ear, and began to listen. After an interval of several minutes he repeated the operation, this time hanging the hook over another wire. Several times he did this, until, at last, he grinned exultantly. He had located the wire that he wanted. At that very moment he was listening to a conversation which was being carried on over Danton's private telephone line.

CHAPTER V.

INSPECTOR WARREN looked up eagerly as Wolfert stepped into the room.

"Well," he asked tersely, "what did you learn?"

"Enough to keep us mighty busy," answered Wolfert, tossing his hat and coat onto a chair and sitting down in another. "I tapped their wire all right, and got information enough over it to make me guess more. Then I went to work on Connelly and made him supply the missing details. Sinclair and the Crooked Man intend to rob the Curran National tomorrow night. They've planned the biggest haul of the century, and the crooked man means to sail for Europe on the following day, unless"—he chuckled dryly—"we are able to make him change his mind. It's getting a bit too hot for him around here, but he has planned this coup as a parting slap at us."

"The Curran National! Good heavens!" Inspector Warren was surprised and he showed it. "The fellow has got more gall than I gave him credit for. How does he expect to work it?"

"I am not absolutely sure, but Connelly says they have tunneled under the cellar. They'll get in that way, silence the watchman, and crack the vault in the usual manner. Sinclair is not as expert as Roche, but he knows enough to make a go of it if he's let alone."

"Humph! We shall have something to say about that, I fancy. This Crooked Man is getting mighty close to the end of his rope."

"Yes; but we must not be too confident. He's becoming suspicious since Connelly disappeared, and he's still at large, you know. We haven't evidence enough to arrest him even yet; we must catch him red-handed. That's why I dared him to make this move."

"You dared him, Wolfert! How?"

"It was simple enough. He has warned me, you know, to keep my hands off half a dozen times since I went to work on the case; in fact, his hirelings have attempted my life a couple of times. The thing has become a duel between us. Well, I sent him a warning, that's all. The man's vanity is his one weakness; he'll take any risk to have the laugh on me."

"You're sure then that this is not a sell?"

"Absolutely. Connelly says that they have been working on the thing for months, and I have enough outside information to corroborate him. The Curran people are among my regular clients, you know. That's one reason, I suppose, why he chose that particular bank."

Inspector Warren scratched his head thoughtfully.

"It should be fairly simple," he observed, after a moment's silence. "We can conceal ourselves about the building and close in on them after they have begun their work. In that way they'll be 'caught with the goods,' so to speak."

"Of course, but we must be prettty careful. He's sharp as a razor, and can scent danger a mile off. Let him get the least hint that we know his plans, and he'll be up and away before we can even shout for help. Sinclair, too, is a desperate man. The invaluable Connelly has informed me that he shot Stevens. He was Roche's partner that night."

"Indeed! Then we shall be able to kill two birds with one stone, if all goes well tomorrow night. I'll take two or three trusty men along as helpers, and have a reserve squad stationed outside. Once our birds have entered, they can close in, and we'll take them between two fires. The advantage of surprise will be with us."

"Unless I'm much mistaken," was Wolfert's retort, "there will be other surprises also. The real identity of the Crooked Man is going to be something of a shock to the public."

Early the next evening six men slipped stealthily one by one, into the Curran National Bank, and passed silently to a rear room. Three of these were respectively: Inspector Warren, Mr. Curran, president of the bank, and Adam Wolfert: the others were plain clothes men from police headquarters, a stalwart, steady-eyed trio, who carried revolvers and heavy night-sticks beneath their coats. Wolfert was the first to break the silence.

"We all know exactly why we are here," he began, "and there is nothing to say except to warn you that we are dealing with a very clever, dangerous man. Our plans have been carefully made, and, barring accidents, we should have no trouble in carrying them out, but it won't do to make mistakes. Please show us the way to the basement, Mr. Curran."

Mr. Curran nodded and turned toward the door.

"I cannot," he remarked, pausing with his hand on the knob, "believe even yet that our vaults are in danger; but I am ready to place myself in your hands. Come this way, gentlemen."

In silence, they followed him along a lighted corridor and down a short flight of stairs. In the basement, except for a flickering light from a street lamp, which shone through a small heavily barred window, it was pitchy dark, and Wolfert was obliged to make use of his pocket lantern in order to post his companions satisfactorily. For obvious reasons it was not deemed expedient to switch on the electric lights.

The cellar was large and almost square. At one end there was a massive iron door and the window already mentioned, while the stairs were at the other. The four walls were composed of huge slabs of cut stone, and the floor was of concrete. A little to one side of the stairs a number of empty packing cases had been pushed back against the wall, and it was here that Wolfert stationed his men, while he and the Inspector sat down on the stairs themselves. Mr. Curran, being nothing more than a witness, was requested to keep back out of harm's way.

The great clock in the corridor upstairs had struck eleven, before the listeners were rewarded by a faint scratching sound which seemed to come from somewhere at their right. It might have been caused by a rat, but each man instinctively tightened his grip on his weapon as he leaned forward and peered into the darkness. In a minute or two the scratching ceased, and there was an interval of silence: then, suddenly, without warning of any kind, a narrow ribbon of light shot out from the opposite wall. Jerkily, fantastically, the light played about the cellar, falling first in one spot, then in another, while with drawn breath and tense bodies the six men watched it. Suddenly it disappeared, and the cellar was shrouded in a blackness even more profound than before.

A moment later there was a muffled grinding, as of some heavy object being slowly turned, and the light, a broad patch of it this time, shone out again. An oblong hole, nearly two feet across, had appeared in the wall some eight inches above the floor. In this aperture a hand came forth and groped about, to be followed in an instant by the head and shoulders of a man. After looking around him for a moment, the man crawled into the cellar and was lost in the shadow on one side of the hole. A faint hiss, like the hiss of a serpent, sounded abruptly in the darkness, and the opening was filled by the body of another man. This figure, looking squat and misshapen in the uncertain light, lost no time in joining the first.

Wolfert grasped Inspector Warren's arm in a grip that made the latter wince.

"The Crooked Man," he whispered.

Without audible reply the Inspector began noiselessly to edge his way toward the hole, through which the light still streamed. For several moments the cellar was silent as a tomb.

All at once an indistinct figure loomed up in the darkness beside Wolfert, who still crouched at the foot of the stairs. Something touched the detective very faintly on the arm; in another second the dim presence would have flitted past him had he not grasped it and thrown it to the floor. There was the sound of a smothered curse, the dull thud of a blow, and a man dashed madly for the opening in the wall. Before he could reach it, however, Inspector Warren stepped in his path and grappled with him.

The conflict that ensued, though fierce, was very brief. Outnumbered and taken wholly by surprise, the two crooks were soon beaten into helplessness. By the time Mr. Curran awoke from his amazement long enough to turn on the light, the two prisoners had been securely handcuffed.

Short as the struggle had been, several of the participants showed signs of it. Wolfert was bleeding slightly from a cut on the cheek, where a knife had grazed him, while one of the plain clothes men had a broken wrist. Sinclair, a huge, thick-bodied ruffian, had been knocked out by a blow from a club, and his chief lay doubled up against the stairs, glaring venomously at his captors.

After a brief glance at the latter, Wolfert whispered something to one of the policemen, who nodded and went upstairs. When he came back he carried a pail of water and a sponge, which he handed to the detective.

"Now," said the latter, beginning to wet the sponge, "we have come to the final act in our little comedy"—he motioned to the policemen, who, grinning broadly, seized the Crooked Man by the collar and stood him on his feet.

As he stood there, glaring sullenly at his enemies, the hunchback was not a pretty sight. His frail body was bent and twisted until it bore little resemblance to anything human, while his face—set now in an expression of baf-

(Continued on page nineteen.)

Elgin 17 Jewel Only $9.75

Only $9.75 for a genuine 17-Jewel Elgin! Sold to you on a great watch offer. Write for our new catalog and Special Bulletin, showing not only this opportunity but hundreds of other big jewelry chances.

Easy Payments

Only $1.00 per month and you can become the owner of a genuine Elgin 17-jewel watch—$1.00 down and $1.00 a month—total price $9.75.

DIAMONDS

Pure color flashing diamonds now offered along with our other jewelry opportunities. Here is a resplendent, solitaire, genuine diamond ring; selected, glittering, pure colored diamond, in 14 karat gold ring. Sold to you on the easiest terms.

Free Trial We give you a positive 30-Day Free Trial on any article bought from us. 30 entire days to make up your mind if you wish to keep it. And if you are not satisfied return to us and we will return every cent cheerfully.

No. A104. 14 karat solid gold ring, set with Men's round Belcher style perfectly cut diamond. $5.25 down, $2.50 per month. Price $34.50

Big Jewelry Book FREE!

Send today for our big jewelry catalog and special 30-Day Bulletin. These show the most remarkable offers all sold on terms of $1.00 a month and up.

Straus & Schram, Inc., Dept. 771 35th St., Chicago

LOTS OF MAIL

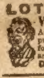
If You Want to get Lots of Mail from different firms—send us your name and address—and we will put your name in our Directory. And we will also send you at once, 12 sample Flirtations, 14 Pictures, and a large assortment of curious and wonderful reading matter. Write today, send 10 cents, coin or stamps for postage; and you will get lots of mail, and the big lot of Presents besides. Williams & Co., Box 2, McKinley Park, Chicago

MONEY IN GRAIN

$10.00 buys puts or calls on 10,000 bushels of wheat or corn. No further risk. A movement of 5c from price gives you an opportunity to take $500; 4c, $400; 3c, $300 etc. Write for particulars. Finance Brokerage Company, Desk P Finance Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Farmers Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office; $80 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 22, London, Canada.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

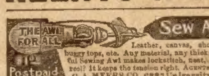


Ventriloquists Double Throat Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents or 12 for 50 cents. DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. D FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

ASTHMA REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterline, 836 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

PATENTS—WATSON E. COLEMAN, Washington, D. C. Books free. Highest references. Best results

AGENTS WANTED



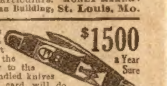
Sew Anything Leather, canvas, shoes, harness, saddles, buggy tops, etc. Any material, any thickness. Myers' wonderful Sewing Awl makes lockstitch, neat, quick, easy. See that reel? It keeps the tension right. AGENTS WANTED. Big money. C. A. MYERS CO. 6387 University Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED Agents to sell Home Remedies. Write HOME REMEDY CO., Fredonia, N. Y.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce our guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X 520 SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS Address SAYMAN, 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS Let us show you the best paying canvassing business in the United States. Write today to the largest makers of transparent handled knives and razors for proof. A postal card will do. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 Bar St., CANTON, OHIO



$1500 a Year Sure

BIG MAIL FREE!

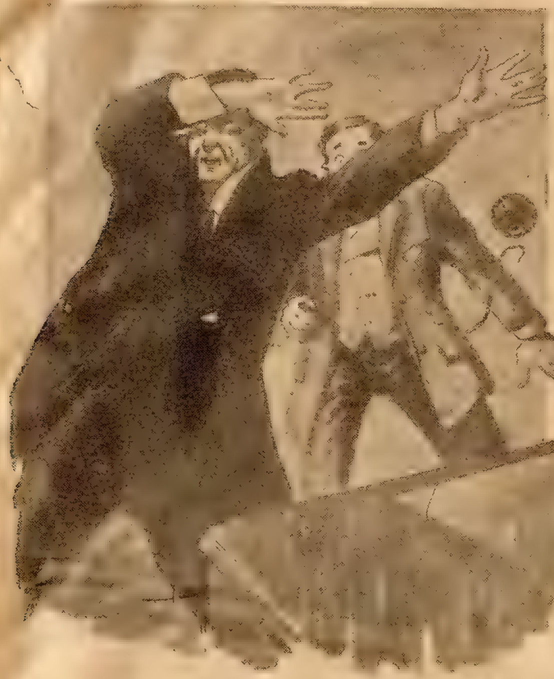
POST OFFICE
SAMPLE
SAMPLE
SAMPLE
SAMPLE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

The Cabalistic Hand

Or, Telltale Fingerprints

By George Ethelbert Walsh



"Look out, Montague!"

[Copyright 1913 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 52, December [illegible]. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news [illegible] or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER [illegible]

IT WAS an evil-looking instrument of death—of cast iron, made in two pieces and joined together by bolts and nuts down the middle. The neck of it had an opening, but a mere gauze kept the contents from escaping through it. Plainly a slow-time fuse was intended to enter the explosives through this neck; but as there was no sign of one in sight I became panic-stricken. My hands shook as I handed the deadly weapon to Maxine.

"The fuse is burnt up," I whispered hoarsely. "It may explode any minute."

Maxine accepted the bomb eagerly and quieted my fears. "It lacks more than an hour of ten, Montague," he said quietly, "and I don't think it will go off before the hour set for it."

"It may be a trick to blow us up," I suggested, wiping my brow with a trembling hand. "How do we know that he is playing fair?"

"He may be crafty and cruel, Montague, but if I read his character right, he's not mean and dishonest. No, there's nothing to fear until the time."

"What is it?" gasped Miss Seldon, approaching us and staring with frightened eyes at the bomb.

"Nothing that you need be afraid of now, Miss Seldon," replied Maxine. "It's scheduled to go off at ten this morning or tonight, I'm not sure which. But we'll have it out of the house in time to avoid any disaster to you."

"How did you know it was here—in my bedroom?" she asked again, her eyes dilating with horror.

"We had a premonition: that's all I can say now."

"But—but who put it here?"

Maxine shrugged his shoulders and looked straight at her.

"The man or woman who committed the trunk murder," he replied slowly.

"Oh!" she gasped faintly.

Wringing her hands and gasping for breath, she stood a moment in dramatic silence; and then she grew deathly white and swayed as if suddenly seized by a mortal illness. Maxine sprang hastily to her side and supported her with a hand, but she recovered herself quickly and pushed him away.

"I'm all right now," she murmured. "The thought of it made me dizzy for an instant."

She became remarkably calm and self-possessed again, and asked to examine the bomb. Maxine would have passed it to her, but she would not touch it.

"How do you know but that it is a hoax?" she said. "It may have been put here by some one just to frighten me; I don't believe any one seriously intended to blow up the room or the house."

"It was not intended for you, Miss Seldon," replied Maxine. "Nobody intended you any harm."

"Then what was it doing here?"

Maxine did not answer. Watching him closely, she seemed to grow suddenly taller and more defiant; her lips curled and the blood mounted to her cheeks and forehead.

"You must explain, Mr. Maxine," she said quietly but firmly, "how this bomb came here, and how you knew of its existence. If you do not, I shall——"

"Miss Seldon," replied Maxine, a little put out by her suspicions and her way of speaking, "if I attempted to explain every step of my work, I would never accomplish anything. You must accept my word that I do not know who put the bomb here—except that it was the same one who was responsible for the other crime in your house—but who he is—or she—I cannot tell you now."

The eyes of the woman glowed darkly.

"Your explanation, or rather lack of explanation, is a weak and unsatisfactory answer to my question. If you don't tell me more, I shall telephone for the police. This has been an unwarranted intrusion, and and the putting of the bomb here in my room is an outrage."

"I quite agree with you, Miss Seldon, and I came here to relieve you of its presence. I shall take it away immediately and drop it in a tub of water before the hour of ten."

"I do not believe it anything dangerous," she interrupted. "It is clearly a trick—a hoax."

"Perhaps," shrugging his shoulders, "you may be right, but I don't think so. I believe it is really a dangerous weapon that will explode at the appointed hour."

"There's no fuse to it, and——"

"It may go off by clockwork or by chemical action, Miss Seldon. Listen—you can hear something inside now!"

Maxine held it up to her ears. There was an unmistakable click or hiss that might be caused by the friction of two metals rubbing against each other. The sound of it sent the blood pulsing through my veins, and at the same time caused Miss Seldon to change her attitude.

"You can leave the house with it," she said simply. "I do not care to run any risk."

She stood aside to let us pass. Maxine gathered up the bomb and placed it in his satchel; then, bidding our hostess farewell, we descended the stairs. In the lower hall Parks, the butler, stood like a sentinel on guard; Maxine gave him one quick penetrating glance and fumbled with his satchel.

"My good man," he said pleasantly, "you look like a smoking man. I have a private brand of Havana cigars here that I import for my special delectation. Will you not have one?"

The butler, startled from his well-trained attitude of indifference, glanced up the broad stairs, and, seeing no one watching, reached forth a fat, pudgy hand and accepted the proffered offer; but as he took one from the case extended to him, Maxine's eagle-like eyes were studying the [illegible] and thumb of the man. He held the cigar case in such a way that the [illegible] hand was plainly [illegible].

"Thank you, sir," he said, making a [illegible].

"Smoke it when you have the leisure," Maxine replied, "and enjoy it."

He smiled as he [illegible] and I kne[illegible] that [illegible] ward [illegible] looked [illegible].

"It is after nine, Montague," he drawled, when we were finally in the open air. "We must not waste any time. The clock will [illegible]."

We walked along rapidly, Maxine carrying the satchel with the deadly bomb in it with apparent unconcern, but I must confess I lagged in the rear, keeping my distance from him. The idea of being blown up by a premature explosion of the deadly weapon did not appeal to me; and more than once on our way to the office Maxine glanced quizzically at me and smiled.

"Self-preservation is the first law of life, Montague," he remarked once. "Even among the lowest animals we observe that."

I grumbled some inarticulate reply and closed up the gap between us, but I did not keep it long; I had frequent occasions to find excuses for keeping a distance from him.

When we reached the office, and Maxine had deposited the bomb on the desk, he became eager and excited. "Plenty of time yet, Montague," he said. "Before we souse it I want to make an inspection of it. Perhaps we can stop its infernal clockwork without spoiling it in water. There may be some clew inside that would be ruined by water."

(Continued on page fourteen.)

3-Grain Tablet Makes Flesh.

Any one wishing to add to their weight, improve their color, and restore a normal condition of the stomach and nerves, should adopt the wonderfully successful treatment known to physicians and druggists as "3-grain Hypo-nuclane tablets," put up in sealed packages with full directions for home use. [illegible], pink cheeks, and 10 to 30 pounds increase in weight are not uncommon results from several months' usage. If unable to purchase Hyponuclane tablets from your dealer, send 50c to Blackburn Products Co., Dayton, Ohio.

FREE

THE most astounding jewelry offer ever made. Get a genuine Lachnite for yourself. Wear it 10 days. Then if you can tell it from a genuine diamond **send it back at our expense.** The [illegible] lasts forever. A superb gem [illegible]. Costs only 1-30th as much as real diamonds. Write today for our big new catalog.

Open An Account

[illegible] red tape. Your credit is good. Write now.

Pay As You Wish [illegible] your choice of any [illegible]. All at rock bottom prices [illegible]. Most liberal of terms [illegible] that tells you all about it. Write today.

Free Book—Write Today! Do not delay an instant. Put your name and addre[illegible] [illegible] elegant jewelry [illegible].

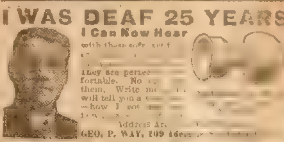
Harold Lachman Co. Dept. [illegible]
12 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

BEAUTIFUL BUST

How to Get a PERFECT FORM

50c Box FREE

We want to send you free a 50c package of Dr. Catherine E. Kelly's wonderful treatment for making the bust plump and firm; also our booklet, "The Perfect Figure." Dr. Kelly used this treatment her[illegible] and it inc[illegible] and he[illegible]



I WAS DEAF 25 YEARS

I Can Now Hear

with these [illegible]. They are perfec[illegible] fortable. No [illegible] them. Write me [illegible] will tell you a [illegible]—how I got [illegible]

Address [illegible]
GEO. P. WAY, 109 Ade[illegible]

4 Actress Rings FREE

Send your name and address and we will send you [illegible] Oriental Rings [illegible] each. All the rage in New York. When sold return us [illegible] and get these four Beautiful Actress Rings Free, also big premium [illegible] how to get them.

HOWARD & CO.,
101 Rose St., Palmyra, Pa.

AMERICAN DARK CHASER

400 candle power in a hand lantern is something never heard of before. Costs less than ⅓ cent per hour. Will illumine the barn yard as bright as day. Perfectly safe to take into the barn or haymow. Unbreakable chimney. [illegible] out. Fully guaranteed. Write for circulars and prices. Agents wanted.

AMERICAN GAS MACHINE CO.,
334 Clark St., Albert Lea, Minn.

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE

At Your Home. Write today for our booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 17 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

FREE—Gold-tipped Whiskey Glass and Patent Cork Screw with each order.
Mellow Springs Whiskey Private Stock
Maycliffe Distributing Co. St. Louis Mo.
FREE
Scroll Crystal Glass DECANTER

TRY THIS WHISKEY AT OUR RISK

FREE THIS DECANTER FILLED WITH WINE AND CORDIAL

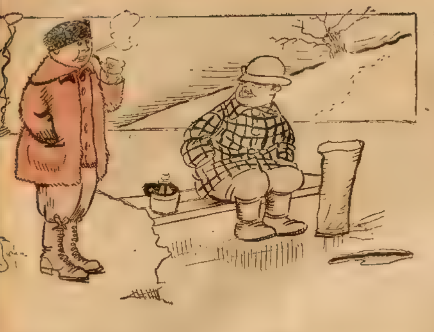
The famous old *Mellow Springs Whiskey*—private stock—the brand that once you try you will always buy. We want you to try it and we will take the risk. Send us any order in the list below—use a full quart bottle; try it yourself, treat your friends; test it every way; you are the judge and if you are not more than satisfied it is the biggest whiskey bargain ever made, just return unused portion and we will refund all your money. These prices talk.

4	Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey	$2.25
8	Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey	$4.25
12	Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey	$6.25

Our Great FREE Offer

With each four quarts of *Mellow Springs Whiskey* we send you *absolutely free* a [illegible] crystal glass decanter, with [illegible] stopper, filled with your choice of delicious Sherry, [illegible] or Angelica Wine or Manhattan [illegible]. In ordering state contents desired. [illegible] full size, free from advertising [illegible] ornament to any sideboard. [illegible] genuine old *Mellow Springs* [illegible] pure aged [illegible] recommended for medicinal and home use. Not a better whiskey to be had at any cost. You pay double the price for inferior whiskey; but by selling direct to you and cutting out salesmen's expenses, etc., we have squeezed the price down to the last notch. *This wonderful offer will last but a limited time and we therefore urge you to take advantage and order immediately.* Note—These are Full Quart Bottles.

MAYCLIFFE DIST. CO., Warehouse L ST. LOUIS, MO.



First Vacationist—"They say there is just one fish in this lake."
Second Party—"How do you account for that one?"
First Vacationist—"I have an idea it's a sardine that escaped from some picnic lunch."

Accommodating.

The most accommodating people in the world are tailors. You'll have to hand it to them—they're always willing to help you out all they can. We are reminded of this undoubted truth by the experience of a friend of ours last Wednesday. He got measured for a new winter suit. When the ceremony was over, he smiled and said in his winning way, "I'll be frank with you. I can't pay for this suit until the latter part of next month. Will that make any difference?"

"Not the slightest difference. You're an old customer and you shouldn't mention such things."

"That's mighty nice of you. When will the suit be ready?"

"The latter part of next month."

◆

A Close Shave.

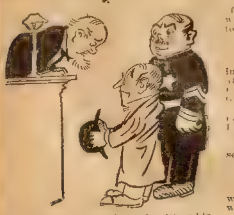
"Atkins," said the sergeant angrily, "why haven't you shaved this morning?"

"Ain't I shaved?" asked Atkins in apparent surprise.

"No, you're not," insisted the sergeant, "and I want to know why."

"Well, you see, sergeant," replied the soldier, "there was a dozen of us using the same mirror, and I must have shaved some other man."

◆



Judge—"You are charged with whipping your wife. Why did you do it?"
Prisoner—"Why, judge, she's sick abed. I have to lick her when I can."

What She Didn't Know.

"John," complained Mrs. Dorkins, "the ashes and garbage in our alley have not been carted away for more than six weeks. I wish you would notify the authorities."

"It wouldn't do any good, Maria," said Mr. Dorkins. "The city has no money to pay for having the ashes and garbage hauled away. The explanation has been given a hundred times."

"No money? Why that's awful! Then even the mayor and the aldermen have to go without their pay, don't they?"

"Oh, Maria, what you don't know about the business of running a city would fill a dozen Carnegie libraries."

◆

Does His Best.

The dinner was given by a colored man named Ebenezer White, and the guest of the evening was George Washington Green, chief deacon of the little church that White occasionally attended. Grace, of course, was eloquently said, and at its conclusion Mr. White began to carve the chicken. Then Deacon Green became facetious.

"Bruddah White," he smilingly remarked, "do dat nex' do' neighbor ob you'n keep chickens?"

"No sah!" came the prompt response of Mr. White as he deftly pried loose a well-roasted wing, "but he try hard nuff to [illegible]."

◆

Begging Off.

"Can you direct me to the best hotel in this town?" asked the stranger, who, after sadly watching the train depart, had set his satchel upon the station platform.

"I can," replied the man who was waiting for a train going the other way, "but I hate to do it."

"Why?"

"Because you will think, after you've seen it, that I'm a liar."

◆

A Matchless Beauty.

"And what became of that girl who was such a matchless beauty in our set when I went away?"

"She still is."

"What, after all these years?"

"Not much of a beauty, but still matchless. She's an old maid."

When It Began.

A friend of the family had been summoned to testify, much against his will, as to domestic disturbances in a certain household.

"You saw these blows administered?" asked counsel.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"Did you witness the beginning of the quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Dash?"

"I did."

"When was it?"

"Six years ago."

"Six years ago! How is that possible?"

"I was a guest at their wedding," said the witness.

◆

A Curious Climate.

Stranger (out West)—"Do you ever have any cyclones here?"

Native—"Naw, nothin' but summer airs. Thinkin' of buyin' land?"

"No. A relative of mine left me a tract near here, and——"

"That so? Well, these 'ere summer airs is mighty cur'us. They'll snatch up a hull settlement an' dash it to pieces ag'in' Pike's Peak. What will ye take fer y'r land?"

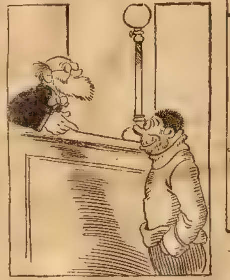
◆

Grief and Remorse.

"No," said the stage manager; "you are the heroine. You are supposed to suffer more than anybody else in the play. You must put yourself into a frame of mind which represents grief and remorse."

"I know," replied the leading woman. "I'll try to make myself believe I'm one of the people who paid two dollars to see this play."

◆



"Prisoner, you are accused of having stolen a gold watch."

"It's false. In the first place I never stole it, and in the second it wasn't gold."

◆

Up to Their Tricks.

New Clerk—"Young lady in front wants to see some rings exactly like one she has on. She says she thinks of having two alike, just for the fun of the thing."

Jeweler—"Don't waste time on her. That ring she has is an engagement ring, and she wants to find out what it cost."

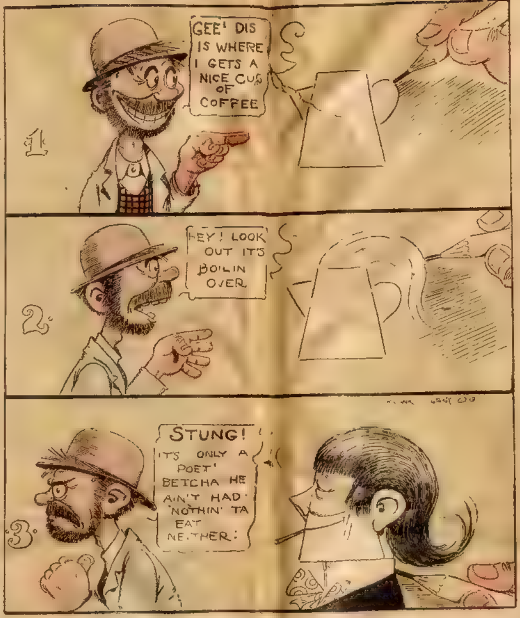
◆

A Napoleon of Economy.

Friend—"I don't see how, on your income, you manage to winter in Florida and summer in Maine."

Sharpp—"You forget that by that plan I dodge both coal and ice bills."

ARTIST FOOLINGS



GEE' DIS IS WHERE I GETS A NICE CUP OF COFFEE
1
HEY! LOOK OUT IT'S BOILIN OVER
2
STUNG! IT'S ONLY A POET' BETCHA HE AIN'T HAD NOTHIN' TA EAT NEITHER
3

None Too Soon.

A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street.

A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and, after helping him to rise, inquired if he was injured.

The little German gazed in at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said.

"No. I ain't hurt. But I got out shust in time, eh?"

◆

A Wide Circle.

"What progress is the plumber making in locating the leak in your gas pipe?"

"Well, he is covering a good deal of ground," said the housewife. "He has inspected the adjacent poolroom thoroughly, and now he is looking over the saloon next door."

Their Fate.

"Don't tell me there is nothing in a name."

"What makes you say that?"

"We had two men here, one named Cannon and the other Ball. Well, Cannon was fired and Ball was bounced."

◆

Lateness.

"Did they dance the latest dances at your party?"

"They must have," replied Mrs. Comix. "It didn't break up till nearly three o'clock."

A Pertinent Question.

A Sunday-school class was studying a missionary lesson, and the teacher was telling of customs among the Eskimos. She said:

"I have read an article by a traveler among these people, and it is the duty of the Eskimo's wife to chew her husband's clothes to keep them soft and pliable as the skins get stiff, and therefore a woman is chosen according to her chewing ability, every man endeavoring to get a wife with strong teeth."

One little boy, with a look of intense nausea on his face, blurted out

"Why don't they get 'em a billygoat?"

◆

What He Never Does.

Housekeeper—"You ought to be ashamed to be beating your way through life while honest people are so busy."

Tramp—"I may have done some beating, mum, but one thing I can say with a clear conscience: I never beat carpets."

The Climax.

There is a tale told in every big house party in Ireland about an incident in the seventies. A peer and peeress, in their own country house, were seated at lunch with their daughter, who was not on the best of terms with them, when she broke a long silence by observing.

"Mother, I was married this morning."

The peeress bore the news with a severe aspect and observed in chilling tone:

"At least before telling such a private matter, you might wait until James—the footman—leaves the room."

"But, mother, it is James I married!"

◆

Touching Music.

Miss Yallerby—"But Percy Moltingham can play de mos' intoxicatin' an' heabenly music on his banjo. Oh, my!"

Clarence Coonley (sneeringly)—"Huh! I guess ragtime am about dat niggah's limit."

Miss Yallerby (warmly)—"'Tis, eh? Yo' jes ought ter heah dat man gib an imertation ob a spring chicken a-sizzlin' on de pan, er a hungry pickaninny eatin' a watchmillyun'! Talk about yo' real music!"—Puck.

◆

An Untenable Theory.

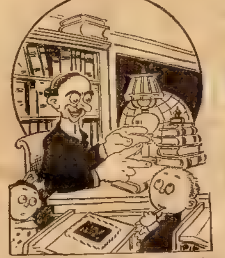
Husband—"You are naturally of an unhappy disposition, that's all that's the matter."

Wife—"That's your theory, is it?"

Husband—"I never saw you happy."

Wife—"That's because you never saw me before I met you."

◆



Kid—"Teacher, [illegible] dog was crying down by the pond last night."

Teacher—"That's a sign of death. Anybody die?"

Kid—"All the frogs croaked."

◆

Unjust Suspicions.

Wild-eyed Man—"Gimme a box of rat poison."

Clerk (suspiciously)—"Do any of your neighbors sing 'Are There Any More at Home Like You'?"

"No."

"Here you are, sir. Twenty-five cents, please."

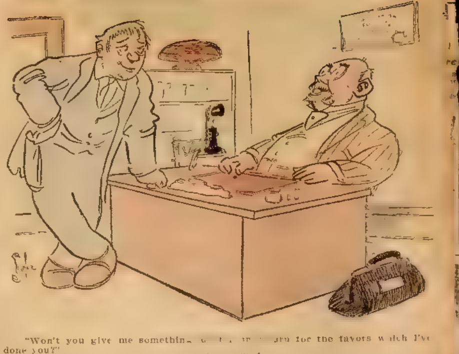
◆

Scant Gilding.

Wife—"Your clothes smell horribly of tobacco."

Husband—"On my way home I stopped into a little place with whitewashed walls, sawdusted floor, pine tables and a beer keg in one corner."

Wife—"Aha! So my husband has become frequenter of gilded dens of vice."



"Won't you give me somethin' [illegible] for the favors which I've done you?"

"Favors? Why, I never saw you before!"

"Oh, I was the man who started the epidemic of scarletina here last year!"

A Simple Code.

Emily—"Why are you waving your handkerchief?"

Angelina—"Since papa has forbidden Tom the house we have arranged a code of signals."

Emily—"What is that?"

Angelina—"When he waves his handkerchief five times that means 'Do you love me?' And when I wave five in reply it means 'Yes, darling.'"

Emily—"And how do you ask other questions?"

Angelina—"We don't. That's the whole code."

◆

His Masterpiece.

A certain renowned ball player whose name had been appearing in magazines over certain signed articles pertaining to the game, bumped into the editor a short while ago.

"Say," he said to his literary manager, "who wrote that last chunk of dope I had in your magazine?"

"Bill Blank," replied the editor. "What's the kick?"

"No kick at all," replied the athlete. "I was only thinking that in many ways it was the best story I have ever written."

◆

Cold Comfort.

Unsuccessful Suitor—"Am I so very obnoxious to you?"

Miss Freezem—"No. I can imagine circumstances under which I might clasp my arms about your neck very gladly."

"Thank Heaven! Under what circumstances?"

"If I were drowning and you were near."

◆

Cause for Not Marrying.

"Why don't you take a wife, old chap?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You must have a reason."

"Well, the fact is, I couldn't afford a nineteen-fourteen wife on my nineteen-two salary."

◆

George—"It's easy enough to marry a rich woman, if you wish to."

Gus—"Eh? How can it be done?"

George—"All you have to do is to steer clear of the dowerless little angels who want to marry you."

An Experienced Publisher.

Publisher—"Good! That song will take the town and sweep the country. Give me the manuscript, quick."

Composer—"But it hasn't any words yet."

"Weren't you singing words?"

"No; I just sang '[illegible]-tiddle-dee-a-la,' et cetera."

"Well, they'll do as well as any. Hurry up and write 'em down."

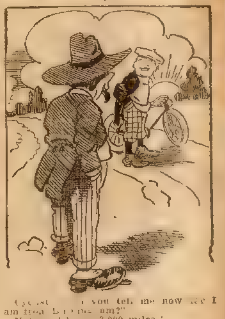
◆

A Queer Question.

She—"But don't you think that everybody should learn to swim?"

He—"Certainly not! What would you think of a fish that insisted on trying to learn to walk on dry land?"

◆



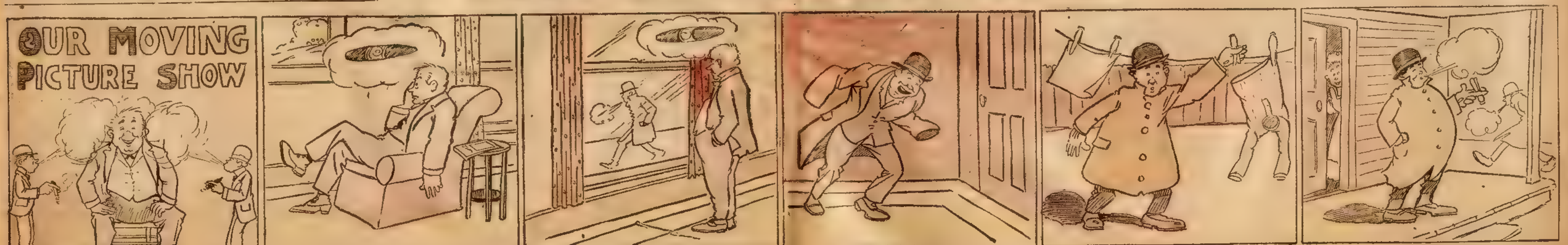
Cyclist—"[illegible] you tell me how far I am from [illegible] am?"

Native—"About 3,000 miles."

Cyclist—"Ridiculous!"

Native—"I mean if you keep on the way you are going. If you turn round and go back it's only about a mile."

THAT AWFUL YEARNING



Perkins (who swore off smoking New Year's)—'Holy smoke! If I only had a cigar!'

'See that man's breath! Looks just like smoke! Lord, don't I wish——

"Ha! I have an idea! I'll go out and try it.

Any port in a storm! Now let imagination work——

"Well, now I declare, a clothespin ain't so bad, when it's cold enough to see one's breath this way!"

FREE! Prof. Beery's
Intensely Interesting Introductory Course in HORSE TRAINING
Have you a horse with bad habits, or a colt to train? Write me about your horse and I'll send the Beery Introductory Course in Horse and Colt Training absolutely free.
Break ANY Horse, Train ANY Colt
I teach how to conquer, how to cure bad habits of horses and colts. You can easily learn the Beery System in spare time.
MAKE MONEY TRAINING AND SELLING!
Beery graduates make $1200 to $3000 a year, at home or traveling. People pay $15 to $25 to have a horse tamed and trained. Big money buying kickers, balkers, etc., cheap—training and trading. Send postal for Free Introductory Course. Tell me about your horse. (62)
Prof. Jesse Beery, Box 334, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

YOUR HEART
Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Guaranteed Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. 1000 endorsements furnished.
FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to day.

CURED HIS RUPTURE
I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 810 Marcellus Avenue, [illegible], N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

Do You Get less than 25.00 Weekly
Own a Mail Order Business
Others make big money. You can too. Experience unnecessary. As a manufacturer we'll appoint you as our co-worker for all the new and up-to-date articles we manufacture. Not sold to store trade. Free printed matter and Mail Order Instructions. We make a complete line of articles in constant demand—repeaters. Almost every month we get out a specialty, something new, alluring, a quick seller and big profit maker. Let us show you how many others have made big successes by our original methods, made money right from the start. Spare time in beginning. Get a copy of the [illegible] "Whole Truth." Absolute proofs and affidavits. Don't take our say so. Get our Test Offer.
KIMO MFG. CO., 142 Kimo Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

HERE IT IS FOR $4.00
A Great Big Hand Grinder
that will save its cost several times a year and will furnish one to two bushels per hour of fresh ground corn, oats, peas, dry bone, oyster shells, etc. for poultry feed. A child can operate it. Shipping wt. 40lbs.
We also build a full line of POWER FEED MILLS, SAMSON WIND MILLS, GASOLINE ENGINES. Ask for catalogs.
Stover Mfg. Co., 355 Plymouth St., Freeport, Ill.

FREE 5 YEAR GUARANTEED WATCH WITH CHAIN AND CHARM
Looks Exactly Like Gold, Wears Better
An accurate, beautiful time piece, thin model, stem wind and set. Runs 30 hours with one winding. Roman gold finished chain with intaglio charm and watch complete free for selling only 24 beautiful Mexican drawn-work handkerchiefs at 10c each. No money required. E. W. Eldridge, 190 Eldridge Bldg., Orleans, Vt.

WANTED—Branch Managers for Mail
Order Business at your own home. Male or Female. No canvassing. Mail the 10 catalogues and make from $1 to $20. One young married couple made over $100 in two months. You can do the same. We furnish everything. Outfit, ten catalogues, full particulars, etc., for 10 cts. in stamps, to pay postage, etc. Address Ormont Specialty Co., 299 Broadway, N. Y. C.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Circular. Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

The Cabalistic Hand

(Continued from page eleven.)

"You're not going to open it?" I cried in consternation.

"I'm going to have a closer view of it."

"I wouldn't fool with it, Maxine," I cautioned. "It may go off before the time if you interfere with the mechanism."

"You're right, Montague, but a little quiet inspection of it will do no harm."

After all, when exposed to full view, it was an innocent-looking affair; if we had not known of its contents, or suspected them, we might have passed it by in the gutter without giving it a second thought; we might even have kicked it as a football, if found on the sidewalk without any previous knowledge of its history.

"Perhaps, after all, it's a joke, Montague," Maxine said after a pause. "That's one reason why I was anxious that Inspector McGonigle's men should not be called in. Now we will make sure."

Maxine began a close study of the bomb, balancing it carelessly in his hands as he turned it over and over.

"What have we here, Montague?" he asked suddenly, pointing to three dark reddish spots on one side.

At first they might have been mistaken for spots of dirt, but Maxine whipped out his magnifying glass and began studying them closely. I watched him with interest, but not without a certain amount of [illegible]. I saw him start suddenly and [illegible] a frown puckered his brows, and once more he looked at the spots through his glass.

"Montague," he said finally, "our friend has presented us with another signature. Look!"

"What is it?" I asked, taking the glass from his hands.

One quick glance was sufficient. The brown reddish spots were made of some kind of wax, and clearly impressed on their surface were the fingerprints of a man. I started back in amazement.

"He's given us the middle finger this time," mused Maxine. "The thumb, forefinger, and middle finger! Surely, Montague, he has queer ways of introducing himself."

"They belong to the same man as the others?" I whispered in awe.

"No doubt of it, Montague. Compare them."

There was no need to question this conclusion. Maxine held the original fingerprint obtained from the blood ring alongside of those impressed in the wax, and then brought forth the dirty piece of paper with the thumb and [illegible] smudge in one corner. Even an amateur could trace the remarkable similarity.

We grew so absorbed in comparing the prints that we forgot the hands of the clock steadily approaching the hour of ten. I was aroused from our absorption by a sudden whirring of the clock, a peculiar noise which it always made at the quarter-hour.

"My God!" I exclaimed. "It's nearly ten! Take it out and chuck it in the water."

"Fifteen minutes yet, Montague," was the reply. "I'm going to save these impressions. I wouldn't lose them for anything."

"What do you intend to do?"

"Remove them, Montague. If it irritates your nerves you can go outside."

"It's dangerous work," I replied, with the perspiration breaking out on my face.

"Not necessarily."

Maxine whipped out a penknife and began cutting around the edges of the wax to remove the fingerprints without breaking any of the lines. His knife blade dipped deep into the soft wax; but he withdrew it and began cutting a thin layer off without fear or hesitation.

"They seem to have been used to stop up holes," he remarked once. "I believe the bomb is plugged here with wax, and the fingers were used to stuff it in place."

"I shouldn't do it, Maxine," I implored.

"Montague, we must take risks in life, or nothing would ever be gained. These holes are merely stuffed to keep the explosives inside. Perhaps we can stop the mechanism by getting through the wax."

"Look out, Maxine!" I cried, as a peculiar hissing noise came from the inside of the deadly weapon.

"Yes, we need to act cautiously now, Montague."

He removed one end of the thin layer of wax and pried it upward; he hesitated a moment, and seemed lost in thought. Once he pushed the wax back in position and grew suddenly very grave and serious.

"Better let me drop it in water," I implored. "It is nearly ten o'clock."

"No," obdurately, "I'll save these prints."

He thrust the knife in and gave it a sharp twist. The wax yielded readily to the pressure and came out of the hole in one solid piece. At the same instant Maxine dropped the knife and jumped back with a sharp cry of warning.

"Look out, Montague! Back! Get back!"

There was no need of this cry of alarm; I was already five feet away and making for the door. Something dark and sinuous shot out of the hole, wavered for a moment, and then darted at the hand holding the penknife. Maxine sprang to one side just in time to avoid it by the fraction of an inch, and stood watching it with horrified eyes, wriggling and twisting in a series of loops and circles.

"A fer-de-lance, Montague!" he gasped.

Emitting sharp, sibilant hisses, the venomous reptile darted across the desk and dropped to the floor. I gave a little cry of fear and crossed the threshold into the hall; but Maxine picked up a heavy glass paper-weight and hurled it viciously at the head of the snake. Fortunately the blow was accurate and the serpent's head was smashed by the missile.

We stood for a few moments in silence, watching the dying wriggles of the venomous creature, the perspiration moistening our foreheads and running in little streams down our faces. Maxine finally stepped forward and trod on the snake and crushed the last spark of life out of him.

"A fer-de-lance, Montague," he said, quietly. "A most venomous snake from the upper Amazon region. Our bomb was loaded with a queer explosive."

"It may go off yet," I suggested. "We'd better drop it in water before it's too late."

Before either of us could move, the clock struck ten. We waited as if hypnotized and listened to each stroke of the gong, but nothing happened.

"There's nothing more to fear, Montague," Maxine said, breaking the tension. "Our enemy was playing a new game, and he nearly caught us. Montague, we must not look for the self-evident in dealing with this wretch. He's a genius, and we must fight him with new weapons. I was not mistaken; he's a master criminal, and he deals with us with the weapons of his kind. If we make a false move, death is our reward. Ah," rubbing his hands, "the game is interesting. I wonder what Inspector McGonigle would have done if he had found the bomb."

"He'd have soaked it in water," I replied, "just what we should have done."

"And lost the fingerprints, Montague. No, it would never have answered the purpose; but I'm glad we stepped back just in time." Further conversation was interrupted by the loud ringing of the door bell. Maxine gathered the remains of the snake on a newspaper, and, with the bomb, hastily tucked them away in a closet.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE visitor who appeared was a stranger to both of us, but that was not unusual; strange people were constantly calling on Maxine to enlist him in their services for solving knotty problems, and neither of us was surprised or disturbed. The man was a well-built, stocky individual of perhaps thirty-five; dark and swarthy of complexion, and with a carriage that indicated the well-trained athlete. He was dressed modishly, with perhaps an inclination to the bizarre; he was certainly up-to-date in all that pertained to his personal apparel.

"My name is Philip Fraser," he said, with a smile, introducing himselff with easy assurance. "Perhaps you have heard of me; or, if not, you know my fiancée—Miss Dorothy Seldon.""

Maxine played with the card, and glanced at it once or twice; as if trying to connect the name with something lingering in his memory. He nodded finally and looked inquiringly at the visitor.

"Miss Seldon sent you to me?" he inquired.

"Yes, I came in her interests. She has told me about the bomb you found in her apartments this morning, and she is very curious to learn more about it."

"What, for instance?"

"Well—er—did it explode?" he stammered.

"We're alive if it did—and it's after ten."

"Yes, but she said you were not sure whether it was to explode at ten in the morning or ten at night."

"It hasn't exploded yet," Maxine replied carelessly. "If you care to return after ten tonight, you can find out whether it goes off then."

"But you don't intend to keep it until then; you won't run any risk of being blown up."

"It couldn't very well go off if soaked in water all day, could it?"

"Then you took that precaution?"

Whether the sigh that accompanied this was one of relief or of disappointment, it would be difficult to say; but Maxine's lips curled with a sneer.

"For the present the bomb is safe," he replied.

"May I ask if you found anything on it—or in it—that would give you a clew to the one who sent it?"

Get Rid of Pimples—Quick
By Using Stuart's Calcium Wafers—Natural Little Blood Purifiers That Work Like a Charm.
Don't despair if your face is covered with pimples, blotches, liver spots, or your body is covered in spots with tetter, rash, boils, etc. Just use Stuart's Calcium Wafers for a short time and see how quickly you will clear up your skin.

"It is Simply a Constant Joy to be Rid of Those Horrible Pimples."
Pimples and eruptions of all kinds come from the inside. The blood casts out the impurities it contains and the pimples, boils, etc., appear. Cleanse the blood, stop the poison from developing in the blood tissues and pimples will vanish as if by magic.
Stuart's Calcium Wafers contain in natural manner the greatest blood purifier—Calcium Sulphide.
Calcium Sulphide and the other ingredients of these remarkable little wafers are just what impure blood needs. You must know that the blood is rushing through our veins very fast. It takes less than a minute for our blood to cover the entire body.
You can thus readily see that Stuart's Calcium Wafers, when they enter the body, have an almost instant effect upon all impurities no matter where located, whether it be the tip of the nose or the ends of the toes.
By the use of Stuart's Calcium Wafers your complexion will take on a fresher hue and a more natural series of tints than ever before.
Impure blood is blue or black. Purify it and it becomes ruby red. This color showing beneath the skin is the secret of all beautiful complexions.
Stuart's Calcium Wafers are sold by all druggists everywhere. Price 50 cents a box.

BIG SELLER!!!
AGENTS SELL ZANOL CONCENTRATED EXTRACTS for MAKING WHISKIES, LIQUORS and CORDIALS of all kinds at home. Something new at last. Wanted in every home. A few minutes does the work. Makes the real article. Saves over 50%. Big demand, sells fast, coins you money. ONE TASTE MAKES A CUSTOMER FOR LIFE. A steady, everyday repeat business for you. IT'S STRICTLY LEGITIMATE—NO LICENSE REQUIRED. We'll show you how. If $50 or more a week looks good to you—GET BUSY. Exclusive territory being snapped up—all or spare time. Start while its new. Send postal for Money-making Selling Plans.
UNIVERSAL IMPORT CO. Dep 3612 Cincinnati, O.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
We ship on approval without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.
DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unheard of prices and marvelous new offers.
ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now.
TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at half usual prices.
Mead Cycle Co. Dept M58 Chicago

Ladies' & GENT'S WATCHES FREE
Ladies' and gent's size, hunting ab[illegible] Free to anyone selling our jewelry [illegible] at [illegible] 2[illegible] jewelry articles [illegible] When sold send $[illegible] & we'll send you a stem-wind, simulated gold finish [illegible] engraved new [illegible] model guaranteed watch, latest design, fancy bezel, choice [illegible] Other styles described [illegible] Also [illegible] and chain [illegible]
HOMER JEWEL CO., Dept. 18, CHICAGO, ILL.

ASTHMA Prompt Relief. Remedy Guaranteed. Trial mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 768, Augusta, Me.

SKUNK We pay top prices for Skunk, Mink, Muskrat and all raw Furs. Price list free. M. J. JEWETT & SONS, REDWOOD, N. Y., Dept [illegible]

BOYS and GIRLS earn nice presents selling our Big Up-to-date Song Books at 10c each. Send for our Big Free Illustrated Premium Catalogue and full particulars. Write today to Teel Song Book Co., Hurleyville, N. Y.

FREE
POWERFUL AIR RIFLE Length 32 inches. Working parts of the best grades of steel. The stock is finely polished walnut. Shoots small game. Powerful, accurate, durable. You can have this air rifle for distributing only 8 of our fast selling art pictures at 25 cents in our special offer. Everybody will take one.
IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to try, as we take back those you can't dispose of. Send no money, just your name and address. M. O. SEITZ, D 51 CHICAGO.

"I already had a clew. That's what induced me to visit Miss Seldon's room to get it."

Philip Fraser looked narrowly at the speaker and bit his lip as if annoyed.

"You are very mysterious about it," he added. "Miss Seldon is anxious to learn what you know. I must confess I am, too. I am somewhat of a detective myself—in an amateurish way, of course—and I should be greatly pleased if you would let me see the bomb. Perhaps after all, it's not so dangerous as you thought."

"What would you call dangerous?"

"Why, anything that might explode and blow you to pieces. I dare say that would be called dangerous—highly dangerous."

"Of course; but there are other things equally dangerous, even if they don't explode. For instance, a prick of a needle, on the point of which is a little poison, might accomplish the same end."

"Yes, that's true. But that's beside the question. We're talking of bombs. There was no poison in this one, I suppose?"

"How can I tell until I've opened it?" replied Maxine, with a little show of irritability.

Our morning visitor shrugged his shoulders.

"Then you haven't opened it or investigated it?"

Maxine didn't reply, but busied himself with some papers on his desk. Suddenly, after a pause, he looked up and said:

"Were you ever on an exploring expedition, Mr. Fraser, in the upper Amazon region? If so, perchance you ran across a wonderful plant called Cassio[illegible]—a plant that emits a perfume too delicate to describe."

"Yes, I know the plant and the perfume," he replied eagerly. "Miss Seldon has some of it now. It's certainly a remarkable odor. I've been thinking seriously of getting up an expedition to go to the Amazon to get some of the plant. There's a fortune for any one who can introduce the perfume commercially."

"You didn't find the plant on your previous expedition to the upper Amazon?"

"I didn't say that I had ever been in that country," he replied, a little annoyed.

"No—but I know you have," replied Maxine, in one of his pleasantest voices. "Who has not heard of that expedition, Mr. Fraser? Why, the papers have been full of it. I recall it now very well. There was some story of—of—but never mind that. I won't recall a subject that may be painful to you. I congratulate you on the happy outcome of the trip, however. A lover who has won the affection of the woman whose actions sent him abroad to explore the uttermost parts of the earth, deserves congratulations. You will permit me to express my felicitations?"

Maxine extended a hand, which Mr. Fraser took somewhat grudgingly, a flush of annoyance coming on his face as he did so. "I thought that was forgotten long ago," he mumbled.

"The world's memory is long," replied Maxine. "But I'm glad of this opportunity to talk with you about a little subject that has always greatly interested me. I've dabbled a little into science and chemistry in my days. You remember, or perhaps you don't, that the poison of the fer-de-lance—a very venomous serpent found in the upper Amazon region—is considered an antidote for certain diseases. I believe a supply of it is kept on hand by the druggists——"

"Yes, I've heard of it," interrupted Fraser, irritably.

"Well, perhaps, you found some of those deadly snakes and brought one back with you."

Philip Fraser rose suddenly from his seat and glared angrily at the speaker.

"I didn't come here for the purpose of having you quiz me," he said sharply. "Please remember that."

"I'm sorry if I've offended you. Then you didn't bring back a fer-de-lance with you?"

"I'll not answer such a question. If you have no information to give me about the bomb, I will bid you good morning."

He walked across the floor and stood by the door; his immaculate gloves were on his hand, but he toyed nervously with them as he glared angrily at Maxine.

"I cannot give you much information about the bomb at present," Maxine said, rising also from his chair and looking not a bit disturbed by the other's anger. "But I hope soon to communicate with Miss Seldon concerning it."

"She told me you said the man—or woman—who put the bomb in her room was also the one who committed the trunk outrage. Is that true?"

"Yes, Mr. Fraser, it is."

"Then you know who committed that—that murder?"

"If I should say 'yes,' you would demand to know his name. If I said 'no' you would call me a charlatan. Under the circumstances, isn't it better not to answer at all?"

"As you wish, sir," was the stiff reply. He moved once more toward the door, nodding coldly as he departed.

"If I cannot answer your question directly," Maxine added, "I may perhaps say that I think we'll find further traces of the man at the Seldon house. You say you have been an amateur detective, Mr. Fraser. Can I not then rely upon you to assist me? I have a very important investigation to make, and I should like to bespeak your services in helping me to carry it out. The result of may be a satisfactory answer to your question."

"You can depend upon my assistance in any legitimate way, but I'm afraid I'm of little use to one of your standing, Mr. Maxine."

"I'll not ask you to do the impossible, nor expect it of you. Montague here can tell you I'm easy on my assistants. I prefer to do most of the work myself. Still there are times when an assistant is [illegible]."

"When will you need me?" the departing visitor asked hastily and with ill-concealed annoyance.

"Tonight! I will call shortly before midnight. That will not interfere with any evening engagement you may have in view."

"I'll be there by or shortly before midnight."

"Thank you, Mr. Fraser. I knew you would help me."

When he had left the office, Maxine returned to his desk and remained quiet and passive for some time. I was curious to know what he had in mind, and addressed him a little anxiously.

"Do you think he knows anything about the bomb or murder?" I asked.

"He was very careful not to remove his gloves, Montague," was the evasive answer. "Since I've become interested in fingerprints I'm forever studying fingers and thumbs."

"You suspect him?" I persisted.

"Suppose you bring the bomb out, Montague, and we'll look it over. But I don't think it will reveal anything more than we know. You can chuck the snake in the alley; we won't need it any more."

We made a thorough investigation of the bomb, cutting off the bolt heads and splitting it in half; but there was nothing in it to indicate anything of its origin. It was a plain hollow cylinder of iron, with one hole punched in it through which the fer-de-lance had entered. This hole had been stopped up with sealing wax. The other places where the bolt heads had been found were bored holes, with the wax smeared on the outer surface of the bomb with a knife and smoothed down skillfully. The entrance through the neck of the iron cylinder had been closed up with a double thickness of fine wire gauze. The serpent imprisoned in the bomb could thus get fresh air through the neck and yet not escape.

"An ingenious little contrivance, Montague," remarked Maxine. "It was intended to test my skill; it was a challenge to my wits. Well, I will be more cautious the next time. It was the unexpected that made me careless. In dealing with this master criminal we must not look for the obvious; he is an adept in playing the game in new ways. The next time he may find us hot on his trail."

I could not view the matter in his same light vein—for our escape had been by too narrow a margin and the unknown, uncertain creature who hovered over us grinning undoubtedly a diabolical grin at our discomfiture, was beginning to assume too threatening an aspect. His personality was still an impalable mystery. I tried to conceive of some attributes of the man which would give reality to the mind, but beyond picturing him as a great implacable foe, cruel, sardonic and ingenious, I failed utterly in my vision. What he looked like, what particular form of face and figure he would assume, what likeness to any known man or woman, these questions could not be even vaguely answered. I was totally in the dark and I feared that Maxine was not much better informed.

The strange mystery, while creating an uncanny fear in me, was only stimulating Maxine to a lively interest. It bothered him, I could see, but only as any intricate and mystifying case might do. He soon dropped into a deep reverie and sat hunched up in his chair brooding and thinking. The developments of the day had afforded him abundant material for reflection, and he yielded to the mood with the true enjoyment of a great introspective thinker. His eyes grew dark and moody, occasionally, as an idea flashed across his mind, and at other times they lighted up with an expression of tumultuous joy. I left him there to brood and think, while I performed some small routine work that formed part of my day's labor.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (z)

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

100,000 FULL SIZE BOTTLES OF

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

CUT OR TEAR OUT THIS TRADE-MARK

FREE

Offer expires Feb. 15, 1914
Not good in Canada

MINARD'S
LINIMENT
THE KING OF PAIN
For Rheumatism and Rheumatic Pains, Sprains, Strains, Bruises, Cuts, Chafes, Swellings, Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Sore Muscles
For any pain or ache
THE GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY
FOR MAN AND BEAST
PRICE 25 CENTS

Please Read This Slowly—Then Act

BE THE first of your family to answer this advertisement and receive from us FREE a big bottle of Minard's Liniment, exactly the same as the stores sell for 25c—a full-sized bottle of the liniment absolutely without charge except for mailing. [illegible] "sample bottle" but a real 25c size bottle, just as big as the one shown here. Ready for the mail, this bottle weighs 11 ounces; we have to mail it at the pound rate. A dozen bottles like [illegible] we give you would cost you twelve times [illegible] no less. But you can have one bottle free if you will send us your name and address and the "King of Pain" trade mark above. Write plainly and enclose 10c in stamps or coin if you live east or 12c if you live west of the Mississippi river, not to pay for liniment, bottle, medical treatise, testimonials, or the cost of advertising—simply for mailing.

Write For a Free Bottle Today to Minard's Liniment Mfg. Co., Framingham, Mass.

For RHEUMATISM, neuralgia, lumbago, sciatica, pleurisy, in fact, for any pain or ache, MINARD'S LINIMENT is the world's most effective, economical, agreeable and clean-to-use external application. There is nothing else so good for relieving lame back, stiff joints, sore, strained or lame muscles, tired, aching, burning, itching feet, sprains, sore feet or hands, chest pains and hoarseness. It's the "King of Pain."

We give you one 25c BOTTLE ABSOLUTELY FREE because every first bottle of Minard's Liniment makes a friend for us. Don't ask for two bottles; we are not trying to sell this liniment to you, and we positively refuse to give more than one bottle free to any family. We are giving it away as part of our advertising expense to make it as well known in every city, town and village in the United States as it is in every corner of New England and Canada, where it has been the great family liniment for 60 years.

Tear out the trademark above and mail it today with your address, your dealer's name and the necessary stamps or coin, to

MINARD'S LINIMENT MFG. CO., FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

FREE ▲ FREE

RHEUMATICS READ THIS

"Four years ago I was taken with rheumatism. I lost the use of my hands. I also had it in my limbs and body and could not walk for six months. I was a patient in the Mass. Homeopathic, Emergency and New Eng. Hospitals and got no relief. I also went to the Fourth Grade Hospital in New York. Some of Boston's best physicians attended me and still I found no relief. For three years I could not do any work at all, but for the last year, since using Minard's Liniment, I am able to do all my housework. Hundreds of people who know of my suffering give Minard's Liniment the praise. I wish that every one knew the worth of this Liniment as I do." MRS. EMMA B. WILLIAMS, Roxbury, Mass.

"King of Pain"

"On Nov. 12, while wearing slippers, I badly 'stubbed' my big toe. The pain was so intense that I could not sleep. The toe joint became very much inflamed and badly swollen, and I could only hobble around. I gave the joint a good rubbing with Minard's Liniment and wrapped a bandage around, saturated with the liniment. Before evening the inflammation was all out, the swelling reduced, and all pain vanished like magic. This is not a fairy tale but absolute truth." JOHN PRYCE, Osgood Bradley Car Works, Worcester, Mass., Nov. 15, 1913.

Blood Poison Stopped

"I cut my leg while chopping in the woods and a painful swelling developed. In a few days it extended from my toes to above my knee. I purchased two bottles of Minard's Liniment and bathed my leg freely. The swelling disappeared; but the cut did not heal. I bandaged 8 times with Minard's Liniment and the proud flesh disappeared. In a week the cut was healed. I find Minard's Liniment excellent for corns and chilblains." DAVID W. HILTZ, 108 Beaver St., So. Framingham, Mass., Sept. 10, 1913.

U. S. Agents and Dealers Wanted

Tailoring Salesmen WANTED

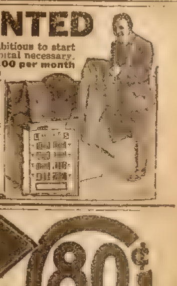
We want live, energetic hustlers, men who can make good; who are ambitious to start in a business of their own. No canvassing; no experience required; no capital necessary. We furnish everything to start. Hundreds are making from $100 to $200 per month and expenses. We guarantee absolute satisfaction and take all the risk. We are one of the largest woolen mills in the country and positively have the only up-to-date, high-quality, low-priced tailoring on the market.

A great many of our men are making from $25 to $50 Every Week

We furnish a complete agents' outfit, consisting of large sample book (not a folder), order blanks, tape measures, advertising matter—in fact everything essential to the conducting of a high-class tailoring business.

Write today for this big outfit. It is sent express prepaid. Drop a postal and say *"Send me your agents' outfit."* We will start you at once on the road to Success. Be sure and write today.

DANIEL WOOLEN MILLS, Dept. A, 300 Green St., Chicago



GREAT SPECIAL OFFER

80¢ FULL QUART EXPRESS PAID

TO NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY—

HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY

Full Quart—Only 80 Cents—Express Paid

THIS is a special introductory offer we are making to NEW customers only—and if YOU have never tried Hayner Whiskey, we want you to try it NOW. Cut out this ad—mail it with your order and 80 cents in stamps or coin—and the full quart bottle of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey will be sent in sealed case—express charges paid. It's great—a Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey of the finest kind—sealed with the U. S. Government's Green Stamp over the cork—your assurance it is fully aged, full 100% proof, full measure—as good and pure as can be produced. It's sure to please you—sure to win your future trade. You take no chances—you know we are responsible—been in business 47 years—capital $500,000.00 fully paid. Don't put this off—order right now—and goods will go forward by first express.

NOTE: Orders from Ariz., Wyo., Colo., Mont., and all states West thereof must call for $1.00 for one quart—express paid. 23-N

(All future orders must be for FOUR quarts or more)

Address our nearest office

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., Dept. S30

Dayton, Ohio St. Louis, Mo. Boston, Mass. New Orleans, La.
Toledo, Ohio Indianapolis, Ind. Kansas City, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. Jacksonville, Fla

HAYNER
PRIVATE STOCK
WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND

CHAPTER IX.

INSPECTOR M'GOINGLE called at three [illegible] in the afternoon; his face was [illegible] self-satisfied pride, and his [illegible] easy rotundity seemed puffed to greater size than usual. The small, [illegible]-like eyes twinkled as he met Maxine and without waiting for any words from the great master, he blurted out [illegible] mission in a full, rounded voice.

"I've got him Mr. Maxine—suspected [illegible] from the first, and if he don't con[illegible] under the third degree I miss my [illegible]. Mighty glad you didn't butt in [illegible], it means a big boost to [illegible]. The commissioner congratulated me [illegible] I laid the facts before him, and the newspapers will be full of the story tomorrow. Of course, I'm not telling [illegible] more than I have to. I don't believe in talking too much to reporters; they always get things mixed, and then [illegible] you if things don't come out the way they expect. But, of course, you've got to stand pat with 'em; they can help you a good deal when you need a boost."

"Perhaps you'll tell me what you're talking about," said Maxine, as the Inspector dropped heavily into a chair and relighted his cigar.

"Why—the Seldon trunk murder," stammered the Inspector. "Of course, you've followed it. Oh, I forgot you'd retired! Well, Mr. Maxine, I'm glad you got out of harness in time to give me a show."

"You say you have caught the murderer, Inspector?" Maxine asked, stretching his arms over his head in a lazy in[illegible].

"[illegible] had him under [illegible] ever since the murder."

"[illegible]?"

"Why, Parks, sir. He's the [illegible] I [illegible] from the first that he was the guilty one. The murderer had to be an insider; no one could get the dead body in the basement unless he had a confederate among the servants."

"But I read in the paper that you suspected Miss Seldon; hinted at a family scandal, I believe."

"Oh, that was merely a blind. I gave that story out to the newspapers so Parks wouldn't get frightened. It was a shrewd trick, and it worked."

"You have arrested Parks?"

"Yes, on suspicion, but I'm going to get a case against him. He's the man, and everything points his way."

"For instance?"

"Well, for one thing he's an old hand at the game. We found his picture in the rogue's gallery—arrested a good many years ago for some petty crime. He's changed since then; grown older and fatter, but it's the same face."

"Perhaps you have fingerprints of him?"

"No, he was arrested for that old crime before the day of taking fingerprints."

"But, Inspector, you have taken his prints now that you have him in custody?"

"No, that's the peculiar part of it; we haven't."

"Why not?"

Inspector McGonigle looked a little disturbed, and after throwing his half-burnt cigar away, he leaned over and said:

"That's another suspicious thing about him, Maxine. When the officers arrested him [illegible] was found in the kitchen; he took his arrest quietly enough, and asked time to get ready to accompany him to headquarters. He fussed around in the kitchen, and made several excuses for delay. Suddenly without warning he stumbled over a stool and pitched head foremost on the hot stove. To save himself he spread out both hands and planted them on the red-hot lids; he gave a little grunt, but otherwise picked himself up and said nothing."

"Well?" impatiently from Maxine.

"It was only the tips of his fingers that touched the stove, and they were so burnt and blistered that they'll never in the world looked the same again."

"You mean he deliberately burnt his fingers to prevent you getting prints of them?"

"Looks so, doesn't it?"

Maxine thoughtfully studied the point of a pencil, twirled it around, and squinted at the end holding the rubber.

"Why should he want to do that, Inspector?"

"The last thing a criminal wants to submit to is photographing of his face and fingerprints, Mr. Maxine. They'll fight to the last ditch against it. They know we have them then. We can defy them any time."

"Have you any Bertillon measurements of Mr. Parks?"

"No, that wasn't in use either when he was arrested before."

"Then you identify Parks only by this old picture?"

"Isn't that enough, Mr. Maxine?" impatiently asked the Inspector.

"Photographs lie sometimes, or at least seem to. Does Parks admit that the photograph is his?"

Inspector McGonigle laughed and shook his head.

"Ever hear of a prisoner admitting such a thing, Mr. Maxine?" he replied. "If we waited for them to do that we'd never hold any of them. No, Parks denies stoutly that he was ever arrested before."

"And of course denies all complicity in the trunk murder?" dryly asked Maxine.

"Naturally. If he didn't he'd be a fool and a fit subject for the insane asylum."

The Inspector chuckled as if enjoying a joke perpetrated by Maxine. He shifted complacently in his chair and helped himself to another cigar. Maxine was silent and reflective for some minutes.

"Montague," he said finally, turning to me, "show the Inspector the fingerprints on the sealing wax. Perhaps it may help him in his work."

Surprised by this request, for I had supposed Maxine intended to keep his clew to himself, I stammered a short reply, and then brought out the impressions we had obtained from the bomb.

"Ever see them before, Inspector?" he continued, receiving them from me and handing them to McGonigle.

The Inspector studied them carefully and in absolute silence, and finally shook his head.

"Don't recall if I did," he answered. Then looking up suddenly, he asked eagerly:

"Are they—can they be Parks' fingerprints?"

"Why do you suspect that?" quietly.

"Why, sir, they look—yes, they look as if they might be."

"In what way? You say you never saw his fingerprints. What reason have you to think these belong to him?"

"I don't know, sir, except that they are blunt and pudgy, just like Parks' fingertips, and they're deeply [illegible] and—where'd you get them, Mr. Maxine?"

"Is that the only reason you have for thinking they're Parks' fingerprints?"

The Inspector smiled [illegible].

"Yes. I have another reason," he replied. "I understand you've been working quietly on this case, Mr. Maxine, and you must have got these before Parks roasted his fingers on the stove. Otherwise——"

"Parks told you I was working on the case?"

"Yes, and others," replied the Inspector, [illegible]. "Oh, we've had the house watched all the time, and we know every [illegible] who's been in it since the crime."

This capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the [illegible] months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

WANT ADS.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—Every Household on Farm, in small town, or suburbs where oil lamps are used needs and will buy this wonderful mantle lamp; burns common coal oil (kerosene), gives a light five times as bright as electric; one farmer cleared over $500.00 in 6 weeks, hundreds earning $100.00 to $300.00 per month. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory, [illegible] lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp [illegible] Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ills.

$300 Monthly. 500% Profit Selling Our Marvelous dry chemical fire extinguishers to [illegible] schools, etc., in your [illegible] instantly. Low cost. [illegible] Experience unnecessary. Agents, salesmen, get details. United Mfg. [illegible]on, Toledo, Ohio.

[illegible] Distillery Wants Local Representative [illegible] solicit the trade outside of [illegible] for Kentucky whiskies [illegible] money. Write at once [illegible] Co., Warehouse No. [illegible]

PORTRAITS, Medallions, Photo Pillow[illegible], luminous crucifix, photo china pla[illegible] sheet pictures, etc., at prices below [illegible] guaranteed; rejects credited; prompt [illegible]; 30 days credit; catalogue and samples [illegible] Jas. C. Bailey, Desk T1, Chicago.

[illegible] Greatest [illegible] ink buys on [illegible] one agent's $620 in six days [illegible] in two [illegible] Monroe Mfg. Co., [illegible]

BETTER Light for One-Fifth Cost of Electricity. Suitable for home or store. [illegible] installed, no experience necessary, [illegible] Write for free catalogue. Doud Lighting Co., [illegible] H. N. Sangamon, Chicago.

CHANCE to Build Permanent Paying [illegible] with our Silver Spoon baking powder, [illegible] spices and toilet preparations [illegible] and coupons for your customers. Credit [illegible] 1967 Van Buren, Chicago.

ELECTRICAL Massage Devices That Relieve rheumatism and ailments resulting from poorly circulating blood. $5.00 up. Wireless transformers. Electric Star Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

WANTED Agents to Sell a New Method for mending all kinds of kitchen ware without the use of heat, any person can sell it, any person can use it, sample and terms free. Peek & Co., 315 Main St., Batavia, N. Y.

U. S. Government Uses Richmond Chemical [illegible] extinguishers that kill gasoline fires. [illegible] managers make 500% profit. Auto [illegible] Richmond Chemical Co., Dept. A, Wheeling, W. Va.

AGENTS Sell Guaranteed Hosiery, Underwear, and sweaters for largest manufacturer in America. Easy work. Big pay. Complete outfit free. Write Madison Mills, Dept. 9C, 486 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS—You Can Make $40 to $75 a Week selling guaranteed aluminum ware to consumers. Complete sales course free. Your territory open. Answer quick. Div. B-L American Aluminum Co., Lemont, Ill.

BE Independent, Work for Yourself With our new invention, just patented. No canvassing, 8c on every dime. Free circulars. International Metal & Ferro Co., Dept. [illegible], Chicago.

MAKE and Sell Your Own Goods. Formulas by expert chemists. We obtain your Government serial number. Catalogue for stamp. W. Mystic Company, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS. New Invention Needed in Every home. Quick sales, large profit. Grab this wonder. Hurry. Particulars [illegible] Dept. 4, Western Spec. Co., Bismarck, N. D.

IF WE Had Your Address We'd Send Free sample and show you how to make $25—not one week, but weekly. G. Mfg. Co., 20 J. Warren St., N. Y.

HELP WANTED

MEN of Ideas and Inventive Ability Should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," Patent Buyers and "How to get Your Patent and Your Money." Advise free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 11, Washington, D. C.

PARCEL Post and Income Tax Mean Hundreds Government jobs now available. "Pull" unnecessary. $65 to $150 month. Write immediately for free list of positions available. Franklin Institute, Dep't B 30, Rochester, N. Y.

S[illegible] ed Distributing Circulars, [illegible] envelopes and writing. En[illegible] stamp [illegible] Co., Dept. 8, Baltimore, [illegible]

SONG Poems Wanted—New Plan. Big Money. Past experience unnecessary. Send poems or melodies. Free book and advice. Hayworth Music Co., 655 G, Washington, D. C.

25 Cents Each for Whiskey Drinkers Names. Send dime for contract. Oro Co., Le Roy, Mich.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—Men [illegible] As Firemen, Brakemen, electric motormen, train porters (colored). Hundreds put to work—$65 to [illegible] a month. No experience necessary. 500 [illegible] wanted. Enclose stamp for application [illegible] and book. State position. I. Railway [illegible] Indianapolis, Ind.

F[illegible] ated Book Tells of About 300,000 [illegible]d positions in U. S. service. Thou[illegible] vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-1034. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, [illegible]

A Money Proposition—Co-operate With Me In a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars [illegible] 1001, Hazen A. Horton, [illegible]

MEN for M[illegible] and Conductors, Interurban [illegible] in your vicinity; experience unnecessary; about $80 monthly; no strikes; state [illegible] 770 Syndicate Trust, [illegible]

LOCOMOTIVE Firemen and Brakemen, $80. $140. Experience unnecessary. Pay tuition when employed. 686 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

I WILL Start You Earning $4 Daily at Home in spare time, silvering mirrors, no capital; free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dept. 400, Boston, Mass.

WE Pay $36 a Week and Expenses to Men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. Imperial Mfg. Co., Dept. 67, [illegible]

BECOME Detect[illegible]: Easy work. Write [illegible] 1243 Lexington Avenue, New [illegible]

BE a Detective. [illegible] to $75 Weekly; [illegible] with all expenses paid. [illegible] System, Dept. 312, Boston, Mass.

PLANTS, BULBS AND SEEDS

BEAUTIFUL Cactus Plants From the Arid Southwest. Will grow anywhere. Ornamental to both house and grounds. Price postpaid, 50 cents each. Three different kinds, $1.00. Mosquero Seed Co., Mosquero, New Mexico.

OLD COINS WANTED

$100.00 For $1.00 Gold Piece 1854 C. Mint. $50 for $2.50 piece 1854 S. mint. We pay highest cash prices for all rare money to 1909. Many of great value in circulation. Get posted. Send stamp for large illustrated coin circular. It may mean much to you. The Numismatic Bank of Texas, Dept. 12, Ft. Worth, Texas.

$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Flying Eagle Cents dated 1856. Hundreds of other coins wanted. Send ten cents at once for illustrated coin value book, 4x7. Get posted. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 70, Le Roy, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED

WANTED—Hustlers to Take Orders for made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $8.00 to $22.00. Make $25.00 to $50.00 weekly. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder [illegible]. Splendid opportunity to make money. [illegible] E. Sangamon St., Chicago.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

YOU Can Write a Short Story. Beginners learn thoroughly under our perfect [illegible]. We help those who want to sell their [illegible]. Write for particulars. School of Short-Story Writers, 77 Page Bldg., Chicago.

LADIES Can Make Shields at Home; $10 Per 100, work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for [illegible] Co. [illegible]

WANTED—Apron Makers. [illegible] returned if not satisfied, and [illegible] envelope. Kenwood Shop, [illegible] St., Chicago.

WILL Pay Reliable Woman $[illegible] for Distributing 2000 free packages [illegible] powder in your town. No money required. B. W. Ward & Co., 218 Institute Pl., Chicago.

REAL ESTATE

FOR Sale—Fertile Alfalfa Land—I Own and offer for sale five or six hundred acres of the finest land in Nebraska. This land is worth almost double what I ask for it. There is a town of 600 population adjoining this land. The Union Pacific R. R. runs through the center, and on one side the Denver auto road, and on the other the Platte River. Write and receive full information immediately, as this land will sell very fast. Selling from $60 an acre up. Worth $100 acre and up. D. C. Patterson, Patterson Block, Omaha, Neb.

FREE Government Land—My Official 250 page book and paper describes every acre in every county in United States. Contains township plats, tables and charts showing exact location. Sample copy free. D. J. Campbell, Pioneer Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

VIRGINIA Fertile Farm Lands $15.00 Per acre and up. Easy payments. Send names of two friends interested in Virginia and receive our beautiful magazine one year free. F. H. LaBaume, Agr'L Agent, Norfolk & Western Ry. Bldg., Room 248, Roanoke, Va.

MILLIONS of Acres of Government Land in Western States. Our book 50 cents, gives full information. Texas M[illegible] List Ass'n., Box 491, Dallas, Texas.

MOTORCYCLES

TWIN Indian $65. Harley $40. Twin Thor $75. Others. Hall & Gravatt, Atlantic City, N. J.

POULTRY

43 VARIETIES. Poultry, Pigeons, Ducks, geese. Incubators. Feed and supplies. [illegible] 4 cents. Missouri Squab Co., Kirkwood, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

AN Intelligent Person May Earn $150 Monthly writing for the movies. Literary ability unnecessary. Free instructive booklet. N. Y. School of Photoplay, 1013 Astor Theatre Building, Broadway, N. Y.

MOTION Picture Plays Wanted—You Can write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Ass'd M. P. Schools, 646 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

WRITE Moving Picture Plays; $50.00 Each all or spare time; experience or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 344, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BOYS AND GIRLS

GUARANTEED Watch or Gold Plated Bracelet free to boys and girls for placing sample packets seeds with friends. P. People's Co., B 11, New Haven, Pa.

PATENTS.

P[illegible] Protect—Pat[illegible] you wealth; [illegible] & Co., Dep[illegible]

[illegible] ington [illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS

[illegible] Few Seconds. French P[illegible] and [illegible] Bluffs, Iowa.

[illegible] Life Income of $3000 P[illegible] [illegible]iculars for stamp. Model [illegible], Chicago, Ill.

PERSONAL

[illegible] Matrimonial Paper of [illegible] containing hundreds of photos [illegible] of marriageable pe[illegible] [illegible] Stand[illegible]

[illegible] Directory [illegible] Ladi[illegible]

[illegible] Directory W[illegible] pay when [illegible]

MARRIAGE [illegible] With N[illegible] and descriptions of 100 [illegible] Henry Strey, Plano, Ill.

MARRY Rich—Hundreds Anxious [illegible] Descriptions and photos free (sealed). [illegible] Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRIAGE Paper, Largest Published. With photos pretty girls, mailed free. Ideals, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRY—Photos, Descriptions [illegible] rich ladies [illegible] H. Jahn, St. [illegible]

MARRIAGE Paper Free; Best [illegible] sure results; reliable. Eastern [illegible] Bridgeport, Connecticut.

LOVINE Never Fails. Every Package Guaranteed. Either sex, 10c. Two packages [illegible] Union, Box 100 N. Palatine, Ill.

GET Married—Best Matrimonial Paper Published. Mailed free. The Correspondent, [illegible] Ohio.

MARRY—Best Plan on Earth. Sent Free photo of every lady member. The Pilot, [illegible] Marshall, Mich.

HUNDREDS Wealthy [illegible] Descriptions free. [illegible] Oakland, Calif.

HAVE Friends and Sweethea[illegible] receive postcards from eve[illegible] club. [illegible]

[illegible] 25c [illegible]

BEAUTY Book" Should Be on Every Woman's [illegible] 10c postpaid. K. E. Wood[illegible] Conn.

HOROSCOPE—Send Birthdate and Self Addressed envelope for horoscope reading by the stars. Betta Lane, Macon, Mo.

MARRY—Thousands Wealthy Members Seeking marriage, descriptions free. Grabe Hyde, S-379, San Francisco, Cal.

MARRY, Thousands Wealthy, Anxious for early marriage, description free. Confidential. 268 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

5 SPORTING Post Cards 10c. Kind Men want, but seldom get. Miss Blanche Girard, Box 29, Holyoke, Mass.

FUTURE Told, Also Past; S[illegible] date. A. B. Fay, 5730 Madiso[illegible]

ADVICE on All (?) of a Private [illegible] Dr. J. Montgomery, Eau Claire, Wis.

MARRIAGE Paper—Highest Character; Send 10c. B. W. Love, Box 1600, Denver, Colo.

THE FAIRY CORNER

THE WILD ROSE.

There was once a wild rose that was extremely wild. It was so wild that its own mother was afraid of it, and never dared tell it to do anything it ought to do, for fear of its thorns. It had plenty of thorns, more than it could count, and it could count up to five hundred by fives. Every one of the thorns was as smooth and as sharp and as polished as it could possibly be. A kitten has only twenty claws, and when she is wild she can do plenty of damage with them; so you can just imagine what a formidable creature the rose was, for it was wild all the time. In spite of the wildness of its disposition, the rose was beautiful in appearance. Its blossoms were the largest and pinkest that grew for miles around, and its mother was proud of it.

Well, one primeval day there came along a lady savage named Annabel, and she saw the wild rose blossom sitting there among its green le[illegible] thought, "How pretty that [illegible] could have it!" She looked [illegible] long time, but she was afra[illegible] on account of its thorns and it[illegible] So she sighed, and went awa[illegible] next day she came again and [illegible] the rose, and when she went h[illegible] time she said to the two gentl[illegible]savages who lived next door to her, [illegible] each side, and who thought she w[illegible] nicest savage lady in all the [illegible] land, "I'll marry whichever of y[illegible] me that big pink rose [illegible] hair."

One of the savage gentlemen was [illegible] and strong and ferocious, and the other was more so, and both of their hearts were glad when they heard what the savage lady said, and they both set out running as fast as they could to the place where the wild rose grew. More So got there first, and he rushed at the rose bush in a big and strong and ferocious manner to pull it up by the roots. But that rose bush was in an especially wild frame of mind that morning, and it stuck all of its more than five hundred thorns into poor More So till he let go in a violent hurry and decided to remain a bachelor.

Then up came the second big and strong and ferocious savage, all out of breath, and he saw More So standing there and trying to put both his hands into his mouth at once. So he squatted down on the ground and considered before he tackled that rose bush himself, which was a very wise thing to do. After he had considered sufficiently he got up and dug up all the rose bushes around the wild rose with the end of his spear, and he set about taming that rose bush in the sweetest and gentlest manner possible. He made the earth around its roots all soft and comfortable, and he sprinkled it with fresh water, and he knocked all the caterpillars off the leaves. He got so interested in his work that he didn't notice that the sun went up and down two or three times while he was still busy.

For days and days he kept putting rich food around its roots, and being just as nice to it as he could possibly be, till at last, after a long while, the rose began to get less wild and lost most of its thorns. At last one morning a beautiful bud bloomed, and the savage, with a joyful heart, carefully picked it and set out with it to the lady savage's. When he got to the tree where she lived and saw her swinging happily on a branch he began to feel as if he had been away a very long time.

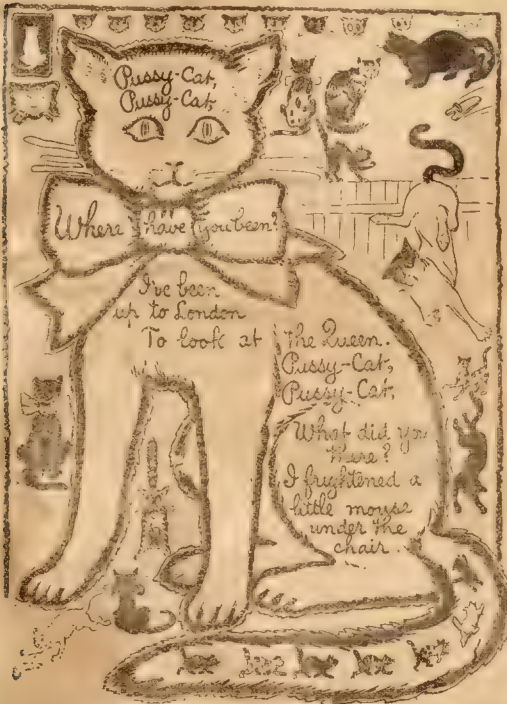
"Annabel," he called, "here's your rose!"

"I'm not Annabel," replied the lady savage; "I'm Octavia. Mother's Annabel, [illegible] father's More So."

"Dear! dear!" cried the savage, "have I been away as long as that?" You look just like your mother."

And after all it was Octavia and not Annabel who wore the rose in her hair.

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES



An Old Trick.

When we look at a glass of water we quite naturally expect that if we turn it upside down it will all fall out, and this is generally so, but with a small piece of thin paper we may turn the glass of water upside down without spilling a drop. Fill a drinking glass full of water as it will hold. Take a piece of paper and press it tightly over the top of the glass. Turn the glass upside down, holding the paper smooth over the top and then remove the hand

If the experiment has been done carefully and there is no air left in the glass, the water will remain in the glass for some time.

By Telephone.

Ever have a snake call you up on the telephone? Other persons have, but there was no conversation carried on over the wire. It happened near Montclair, N. J., in a suburb where snakes are plentiful. The operators at the Montclair exchange saw the lights twinkle before their eyes as the signal came that some one wanted to talk over the wire from Bloomfield, and the operators tried to find out what "number please?" but they could not get an answer. The calls kept coming in, and so they sent out the trouble men to see what was wrong.

The trouble men made their way after a while to a big iron box on a telephone pole. The box is part of the telephone system, and wires come into it. When the men opened the box out squirmed an innocent and much frightened grass snake, more than three feet long, they afterward said. The snake had been making the trouble, tumbling over the wires and closing electrical connections so that the operators thought some one was signaling them. It was no wonder that the snake was glad to get out. Every time he touched two wires he got an electrical shock. Although the linemen are going to be careful about closing the door of the box tightly after this, there is little likelihood that the same snake would venture in again.

An Opportunist.

An opportunity is a person who turns everything to advantage and does not rule his life by principles. The cook on the dining car of a train in Canada is an opportunist. If he hadn't been an opportunist the train might have burned up.

The train was coming from the Pacific Coast and when it got somewhere about the middle of Saskatchewan it was wrecked. A broken rail threw the train off the track, and two coaches and the dining car were turned over. Fire broke out, and the passengers would have seen their train go up in smoke if it hadn't been for the cook. He didn't wait to telegraph to town for a fire department. He didn't wait to get pails of water. There were some cans of milk in his kitchen, and he turned them over the fire and put it out before any harm was done.

Beyond the Law

([illegible] ht.)

ed them to my lips with all the love for her seeming to be upon [illegible] I heard a startled gasp of "[illegible]

The next instant I [illegible] a wondrous red r[illegible]

The continuation of this thrilling story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on [illegible] is only $1.00 per [illegible] awaiting publication [illegible] afford to miss.

Own A Florida Home

Thousands of persons are *dreaming* and *planning* to own a *little farm* some day. Are *you* one of them? A *home* with a grove, truck farm, and poultry yard in *Florida* means *independence*. Success is easier than failure. Let us help you locate right. Illustrated booklets and **"Facts about Florida," FREE.**

FLORIDA EAST COAST RY. (1)

J. E. INGRAHAM, V.-Pres., Room 146, City Bldg., St. Augustine, Fla. or LOUIS LARSON, Northwestern Agent, Room 146, 109 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

Steel Shoe Book Saves You $20!

1 Pair Outlasts 3 to 6 Pairs All-Leathers **FREE** 10-DAY TRY-ON

The comfort, economy and durability of Steel Shoes is amazing. Thousands throwing away leather-soled shoes, boots, rubbers, etc. Steel Shoes keep feet dry. No colds, sore throat, rheumatism. Saving in doctors' bills more than pays for them. They fit fine and feel easy—no corns, bunions or soreness. Write postal for book, The Sole of Steel, learn how to save $20 shoe money.

N. M. RUTHSTEIN, The Steel Shoe Man. Dept. [illegible] Racine, Wis.

STEM WIND STEM SET **WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE**

We give [illegible] engraved, latest style [illegible] gents size [illegible] case WATCH [illegible] time keeper guaranteed 5 years [illegible] position gilt metal case, looks and wears like gold. Also Im. Diamond Ring and Handsome Chain. ALL FREE for [illegible] of our high grade [illegible] needles at [illegible] package [illegible] free with each [illegible] Extra presents [illegible] if you order now

IDEAL WATCH CO., Dept. 352 ELMIRA, N. Y.

1914 ART CALENDAR FREE

[illegible] send a [illegible] art [illegible] and a choice assortment [illegible] [illegible] our friends.

H. FOGELSANGER, 233 So. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BE A DETECTIVE

Earn from $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. LUDWIG, 120 Westover Building, KANSAS CITY, MO

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED

I Will Prove It to You Free

J. C. Hutzell, R. P.

You who are suffering the tortures of Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum or other skin diseases—you whose days are miserable, whose nights are made sleepless by the terrible itching, burning pains, let me send you a trial of a soothing, healing treatment which has cured hundreds, which I believe will cure you. I will send it free, postage paid, without any obligation on your part. Just fill the coupon below and mail it to me, or write me, giving your name, age and address. I will send the treatment free of cost to you.

— — — CUT AND MAIL TO DAY — — —

J. C. HUTZELL, 419 West Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name.......................................Age..........

Post Office..

State.......................Street and No..............

FREE 2 Full Qts. Riley's Flag Staff Whiskey

To introduce our Celebrated PRAIRIE ROSE and Famous FLAG STAFF WHISKIES to the readers of the Ledger, we will give, for a limited time, FREE OF CHARGE, 2 FULL QUARTS of the FLAG STAFF with a shipment of 1 gallon of PRAIRIE ROSE (in glass jug or full quart bottles as preferred). The price of the PRAIRIE ROSE is $3.60 per gallon. The price of the FLAG STAFF is $1.50 per quart.

THIS IS OUR OFFER

4 Full Quarts (128 ounces) RILEY'S PRAIRIE ROSE $3.60

2 Full Quarts (64 ounces) RILEY'S FLAG STAFF (Worth $3) FREE

Express Charges Prepaid

We will ship the above offer with the understanding that if the whiskey is not perfectly satisfactory, after you have tried it, you may return same at our expense, and your money will be refunded. Reference, Stock Yards National Bank, Kansas City, Mo.

Order at once, as this offer will be open only a short time. Cut out and return this ad with order. Send remittance to W. R. Riley, or

W. R. RILEY, DIST'G. COMPANY,

Station "A" Department I Kansas City, Mo.

RILEY'S FLAG STAFF WHISKEY W. R. RILEY DIST'G CO.

FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she is well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week

ADVERTISING RATES.

For display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for 1,250,000 circulation in the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,250,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

And self-love is also blind.

Take things easy, if they don't belong to others.

A vine may be all right, even if it is a porch climber

Premature gray hairs cause the good to dye young.

If you can't pay as you go you will find the going poor.

Hero worship is often but another name for [illegible].

And many a homely woman presides over a happy home.

The only thing that gives weight to a fish story is the scales.

When gossip travels it always throws on the high speed lever.

Just the same, it's a poor rule that refuses to work our way.

But you can't always get inside information from a middleman.

In the human race the fat man has more than a slim chance.

There's no show for the small boy who can't get into the circus.

The aeroplane chauffeur hasn't anything on the flight of time.

It is easier for some men to sing a hymn than speak the truth.

Training is needed before she can give a man a kiss and make him believe he stole it.

There's no power in knowledge unless you know how to put on the harness and hitch up.

Some men work one day during the week, rest six, and then wonder why they feel tired.

Every man is a coward—if you can only discover the particular thing that frightens him.

A woman is unpopular with her neighbors if she never does anything that they can gossip about.

The man who would reach success hasn't much time to sit under shade trees by the wayside.

Just as a woman quits worrying about her own age she begins to worry about that of her unmarried daughter.

What a poor opinion the good Lord would have of himself if he answered all of the fool prayers that are sent up to headquarters!

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who always said when a young man tried to kiss her and failed, "Did you ever get left?"

Snares of Fate.

(Continued from page four.)

drove off with a merry jingle of bells.

As Mary turned from the window, the door opened and Harmer came into the room. She moved slowly toward him, looking at him. He just glanced at her, walked to the fire, and dropped heavily into a chair. She came and stood facing him, leaning on the mantel. He moved uneasily, for he was conscious that she was regarding him sadly, reproachfully. At length he looked up at her sullenly and with a touch of defiance.

"Well?" he queried.

"Harmer," as she spoke, she sank on her knees beside him, "I do not ask you to have pity upon me. I implore you to have pity upon yourself. Think, oh, think, of what you are doing, think of the double life you lead!"

"You do not need to remind me of the fact that I am a consummate hypocrite," he said quietly. "I am well aware of the fact. But the hypocrisy, the double life have been forced upon me." He paused a moment, and then added cruelly, "No one knows that better than yourself."

She shrank from him as though his words had been a blow.

It is both cruel and unmanly of you to utter such a reproach," she said, as she arose to her feet. "God knows I thought I was acting for the best." She sat down very wearily. "I did not understand."

"No, I suppose not," with a cold smile in which there was the suspicion of a sneer. "Good women like you have no conception of the evil that is in men, the clamoring passions, the devouring desires. If I had told you that night of an [illegible] I was guilty, you would have [illegible] from something a[illegible]sed"

He paused and sat gazing with brooding brow and gloomy eyes into the fire. She watched him silently, half frightened [illegible] the look on his [illegible] was [illegible] ing of Uncle Ned[illegible] "T[illegible] a streak of wildness [illegible]"

"What is it you have done?" she asked, at length, in a half-whisper, impelled to ask the question, though she dreaded the knowledge [illegible]

He looked at her with his gloomy brooding eyes. "Murder," he replied

Murder?" she started to her feet, rigid and pale to the lips

Yes he replied, "the murder of a soul

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

* * *

No Lady.

Throwing back her head the girl with the exaggerated psyche knot sniffed, "That Sadie Farrell!" she said. "She's no lady, let me tell you!"

"My goodness!" cried the girl who was polishing her nails. "I thought you said Sadie was the best of friends! What'd she do to you?"

"To me?" queried the young woman with the psyche knot. "I'd have you know that Sadie Farrell can't do anything to me—not anything that counts, that is! Why, I consider myself so far above Sadie Farrell——"

"I believe this is going to be interesting," broke in the girl who was polishing her nails. "Come on, girls!" she called to some of the others in a farther corner of the rest room.

"You may think you're funny," commented the injured one, "but I'd have you know that it's a serious thing to be deceived in them you thought were your friends! And her always so sweet and smiling and wanting to lend me things and all that!"

"We're listening!" reminded the circle around her. "Go on and tell it."

"Well!" the injured one drew a long breath. "I hate to say it of myself, but Sadie Farrell never was one-two-three with the boys compared with me. What's more, she knows it. I thought she was above being jealous, but it just shows that you never can tell!

"She managed to conceal her feelings pretty well till Jim began going with me. I guess he had taken Sadie out once or twice, but she needn't have thought that he belonged to her, need she?"

"Some girls are funny that way," commented the blonde girl

"She couldn't stand losing Jim," went on the story teller. "It was a little too much. You see, Jim is awfully good looking, and he has a way with him —"

"You don't like Jim, do you?" asked the blonde, sweetly.

"What's that to you?" said the girl with the psyche knot, sternly. "We were all going to the annual masquerade ball the lodge gives, and everybody's costume was to be a secret. Even we girls were to get there by ourselves to keep anybody from knowing. I was just dying to know what Jim was going to look like. You see, we'd had a little difference of opinion, and I don't believe in being too foolishly proud. I'm always willing to take the first step toward making up. I thought the party would give me a good chance to be nice to him. Only I hadn't the slightest idea!"

"I went to a masquerade once as a carrot," dreamily interrupted the girl who was polishing her nails. "It made a hit!"

"Jim wouldn't do anything so ridiculous!" declared the story teller. "Then this Sadie Farrell, that I trusted her as a sister, comes to me and tells me that through knowing Jim's sister she'd found out his costume, and as she and I were friends she'll tell me. She said he was going as an apple woman.

"It makes me crazy mad to remember how grateful I was to Sadie for telling me. I forgave her all her sins on the spot. And at the party I made a bee line for the apple woman. He looked so ridiculous that I could hardly believe it was Jim. Jim's so stylish, you know. The tray of apples he carried from his neck made it hard to get near enough for a confidential conversation, but I did manage to say some things. Not that I'm sentimental. But you know how a girl can be nice if she tries!"

"Oh, my, yes!" her listeners agreed.

"I told Jim what a lovely disposition he had, and how ashamed I was of my temper, and how I had a new recipe for the chafing dish and wanted him to come up, and told him I wished I could fix up a poultice or something for his cough.

"Jim was real agreeable. He almost purred, and that led me on. Of course I didn't tell him that I was in love with him, for I ain't—who was that laughed?—but I said a number of things. I told him how I had always admired the way he walked, and that I hadn't a happy minute thinking how mean I'd been to him. And it was mighty hard, too, being serious with him in that foolish get-up and the apples and everything. But it was my last chance. And it was!"

"What'd you mean?" asked the chorus

The girl with the psyche knot looked [illegible] "Why, that deceiving Sadie Farrell was putting in the whole evening with Jim, who wasn't an apple woman at all, but a perfectly lovely Romeo—and the apple woman I'd been making polite love to was that bald-headed, fat, simpering, old uncle of Sadie's that none of the girls will speak to, that's who he was!"

* * *

Untimely Warning.

Mr. Fletcher has grown so tired of "store foods" that he fairly loathes the sight of a tomato can, while chipped beef precipitates a moral and physical collapse. His system has conceived this aversion to canned goods because of the surfeit of that species of food on his table during the past few weeks.

Early this year Fletcher read in an evening paper the announcement that if the harbor should freeze up and railroads stop running all traffic with the outside world would be suspended. New York would have just about enough provisions on hand to feed the population for two days. As is his custom when he gleans an interesting intellectual morsel, he repeated that for the benefit of Mrs. Fletcher.

"Good gracious," she cried. "Do you mean to say we'd starve?"

"Well," said Fletcher, "it looks mightily like it. We are not hibernating animals, you know."

"And do you think," she insisted, "that there is really danger of any such calamity? Is there a likelihood of the harbor freezing over and the railroads being snowed under?"

Fletcher stepped to the window and looked out upon the wintry scene gloomily. There was not the remotest possibility of skating to Staten Island or sledding in the Pennsylvania tunnel, and Fletcher knew it, but he is possessed of a charming wit that reaches its highest development in playing on his wife's credulity and he could not lose that opportunity for a little wholesome fun.

"I am afraid there is," he said gloomily "It is now ten degrees colder than it was this time yesterday, and another drop of ten degrees is prophesied for tomorrow."

Mrs. Fletcher passed a sleepless night. Before morning she had formulated a plan for circumventing the weather.

Immediately after breakfast she cleared out the storeroom and ordered four dozen cans of tomatoes, the same of peas and corn, twenty packages of chipped beef, twenty-five pounds of crackers, sixteen pounds of maple sugar and twenty dozen eggs brought in from the grocer's.

After subsisting for a week on these wholesale provisions Fletcher was for dumping the remainder into the harbor that would not freeze over, but Mrs Fletcher's housewifely prudence forbade the sacrifice. Having spent so much money on canned goods she felt that she could not afford to buy fresh vegetables and eggs, hence Fletcher's post prandial lamentations and resolutions for future truthfulness.

* * *

An Artist in His Line.

Photographer—"Wasn't that Miss Antique, the actress, who just sat for her picture?"

Assistant—"Yes"

Photographer—"Well, look through the old negatives for the photographs we took of her fifteen or twenty years ago. We'll add this, and make a composite portrait of them."

Special!

Write for Free Catalog

This Massive Rocker—a Special!

SPECIAL!

Special RIGHT NOW — A Wonderful Offer

Positively one of the very greatest values ever offered in fine furniture. This superb rocker for only 50c down and 50c per month—total price $3.95—cash or easy payments as you prefer. No discount for cash. We give credit purchasers the benefit of our wonderful low cash prices. We defy any house in America to equal our stupendous offers. Write for free catalog and bargain list today. You can see for yourself what an elegant rocker this is. It is made in American quarter-sawed oak [illegible] profusely carved. Upholstered in best grade Boston leather, prettily ruffled—superb spring seat. Order by No. A71133. This rocker is only one of the [illegible] we are now offering. Send for bargain list TODAY.

Easy Payments

Our rock bottom bargain prices are the same to cash and credit buyers alike We will trust you and allow you to buy any article on easiest monthly payments. Or you can pay cash if you prefer. Don't fail to get our remarkable terms if you want anything in

Rockers, Chairs.
Bedsteads, Carpets,
Rugs, Curtains.
Washing Machines,
Crockery,
Chinaware,
Silverware, Baby
Carriages, Go-Carts,
Men's, Women's and
Children's Apparel,
Stoves, Ranges,
or any other article of
House Furnishings.

FREE Special Bargain List and Catalog

Don't wait a minute [illegible]

Write Today—Don't Wait

Send a postal or letter—but send right now. Take advantage of these special offers while they last. This month only. So hurry. Just your name and address on postal or letter and we will mail FREE AND POSTPAID our giant catalog and bargain list.

STRAUS & SCHRAM, (Inc.)
Dept. 1291 35th Street, Chicago, Illinois

The New Style

Edison Phonograph

and your choice of over 1500 records now shipped direct to you

FREE

Yes, try it out right in your own home. Entertain your family and your friends. Send it back at our expense if you don't want to keep it. $2 a month now pays for a genuine Edison Phonograph at the Rock-Bottom Price and without even interest on monthly payments.

Write Today

For Our FREE Edison Book

Tells about the wonderful entertainers. Shows you all the machines and records you have to choose from. No obligations in asking for our FREE EDISON BOOK. Write Today—NOW.

F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distr. 5001 Edison Block, Chicago

BIG DOLL

FREE to GIRLS

This TALKING AND SLEEPING DOLL is a great big beauty, NEARLY HALF A YARD TALL and beautifully dressed in satins and laces. By pressing a button you can make it say "Mamma" and "Papa," just like a real baby. Has curly hair, pearly teeth, rosy cheeks, closes its eyes and goes to sleep. Beautifully dressed, trimmed underwear, stockings and shoes that can be taken off. You can have this beautiful Doll for distributing only 8 of our handsome pictures at 25 cents each. Everybody wants them and will take same on our liberal offer. SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address. We send the pictures free and take back if you can't dispose of. M. O. SEITZ, 1G51 CHICAGO

STEM SET **WATCH** AND COWBOY FOB **FREE**

This American made, stem wind & stem set watch, with beautiful engraved case, guaranteed five years, and this new Cowboy Watch Fob, given free for disposing of only 8 of our fine Art Pictures at 25c each, or chain instead of fob if you prefer. Send name and will send pictures at once. Remit $2 collected and for your trouble will get 1 Watch and Fob or chain. A great offer. Don't miss it.

M. O. SEITZ, 1A51 CHICAGO

$2.00 and You Get This Superb Cornet

An astounding offer. This Triple Silver Plated Lyric Cornet will be sent to you for only $2.00. Pay the balance at rate of 10c a day. Free trial before you decide to buy.

WURLITZER

200 years of instrument making

Free Band Catalog

Free Carrying Case with this Superb Triple Silver Plated lyric cornet, genuine leather. Write today.

Send your name and address and get our 250 pp. Band Catalog. Buy direct from the manufacturer. Rock-bottom prices on all kinds of instruments—easy payments. Generous allowance for old instruments. We supply the U. S. Gov't.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
Cincinnati, Ohio Dept. 5011 Chicago, Ill.

The Crooked Man.

([illegible] page ten)

[illegible]nd hate—was repulsive in the extreme. Even the policemen, hardened [illegible]nes of violence, shuddered as [illegible] the look in his eyes. Wolfert [illegible] one seemed unmoved.

With a quick motion he passed the dripping [illegible] across the hunchback's face, at the same time seizing him by the hair with his free hand. As he did so, there was a startled cry from the Ins[illegible].

"[illegible] God!" he exclaimed. "It's Dan-[illegible]"

[illegible] with the loss of [illegible] had [illegible] prisoner. His seamed, [illegible] disappeared as [illegible] leaving in its place a skin as soft [illegible] fair as that of a girl. Even Sin[illegible] air, who had recovered consciousness, gaped at him in astonishment. Wolfert [illegible]tly.

"You're much better looking now," he observed, giving his work with the sponge a final touch. "It's no wonder that no one ever guessed your identity. [illegible] succeeded in changing your appearance until your own mother would not [illegible]ognize you unless you spoke. No [illegible]nder your hirelings referred to you [illegible] the Crooked Man, and not as Roger [illegible]nton, the king of gamblers. That [illegible]ck idea was very clever. Sort [illegible] Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde affair—[illegible] you have had less trouble in chang[illegible] from one personality to the other. [illegible] were not for the necessity of re[illegible] your bracelets, I'd have a look [illegible] false hump on your shoulders [illegible]; but we can dispense with it [illegible] change in your face is enough to [illegible] your identity, Mr. Danton."

"Yes," Danton spoke for the first time [illegible] low-pitched, musical voice, which [illegible]ded incongruous at that time and [illegible] "Yes, you've outwitted me, Wol[illegible] I was a fool to attempt this job [illegible] I knew you were so close on my heels. But let's get it over. Lock me up and have done with it. I've gambled all my life, and there's no [illegible] that the cards have fallen against me."

He relapsed into a stubborn, moody silence, from which he did not emerge even when ushered into a cell at the [illegible].

Later on, after the prisoners had been disposed of, Wolfert and Inspector Wer[illegible]n examined the underground entrance [illegible] bank. Crawling through it for [illegible] two hundred feet, they finally [illegible]ame out in the cellar of an empty office [illegible]ing which, they afterward learned, [illegible] owned by Roger Danton. Hidden [illegible]ween the partit[illegible] a room on the [illegible] floor, [illegible] a consider[illegible] [illegible]mount [illegible] including a [illegible] of [illegible] which had [illegible] place [illegible] Crooked Man.

[illegible] as the two [illegible]tecti[illegible] were talking over the case, [illegible] W[illegible]n asked a question.

"I don't see," he declared, "how you [illegible] the thieves made use of a [illegible]e-front while working on the vault, [illegible] you were so sure that the window [illegible] from the inside."

Wolfert smiled.

"It was [illegible]," he answered. "[illegible] found marks on the floor in front of the vault which indicated that something [illegible] been firmly set up there, and the [illegible] that the [illegible] employed a [illegible]een as a [illegible] occurred to me. When I learned that Stevens had been interested in photography I was sure of it. As for the broken bars—the fact that they had been [illegible] merely as a blind was obvious. That window-sill was thick with dust—no man could have squeezed over it without leaving unmistakable signs of his passage."

The End

* * *

Asker—"Has that poet ever had anything published?"

Teller—"Oh, yes. The newspapers published the poems he wrote to a widow who sued him for breach of promise."

* * *

An Oyster.

"Now," asked the teacher, "who can tell me what an oyster is?"

Silence for a moment, while small brows were knit in strained effort at remembrance. Then little Tommy's facial muscles relaxed and eagerly he raised his hand.

"I know!" he triumphantly announced. "An oyster is a fish built like a nut."

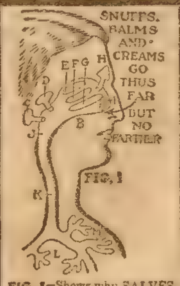


FIG. 1—Shows why SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, etc. must fail. See by the BLACK how little of the disease they reach.

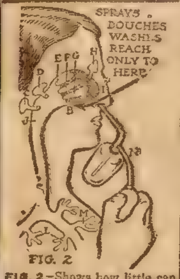


FIG. 2—Shows how little can possibly be done by ATOMIZER and NEBULIZER SPRAYS, and by DOUCHES, WASHES and ALL LIQUIDS. See by the black how far they all fall short of reaching THE SEAT of the disease.

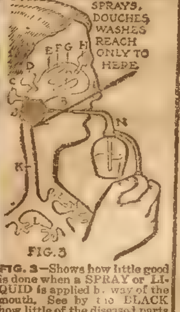


FIG. 3—Shows how little good is done when a SPRAY or LIQUID is applied by way of the mouth. See by the BLACK how little of the diseased parts are reached.

SMOKE of Herbs for CATARRH

The illustrations herein tell the whole story about the treatment of Catarrh. The BLACK, where the arrows point in Figs. 1, 2 and 3, shows how little of the disease, Catarrh, can possibly be reached by the usual methods of treatment and in Fig. 4 the BLACK shows the complete sweep made by Dr. Blosser's Remedy.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is characterized by a discharge through the nostrils or into the throat. It usually begins with a cold in the head. Beginning in the nostrils it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the body, even getting into the stomach and lungs. The nasty discharge being swallowed, it upsets the stomach, and from the stomach it is taken into the blood, and poisons and deranges the whole body.

The disease is all the time inclined to work its way from the nose back into the head—down into the throat—into the bronchial tubes and lungs. Herein is its greatest danger.

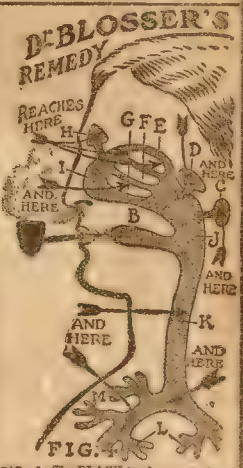


FIG. 4—The BLACK in above cut, shows the parts reached by Dr. Blosser's Remedy. Viz; the whole disease. Not a spot, nook or corner escapes. It goes to C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, EVERYWHERE, and it wipes out the disease wherever it goes.

Dr. Blosser's Discovery

While engaged in the general practice of medicine Dr. Blosser had many patients suffering from Catarrh whom he was unable to cure, although he prescribed for them by the rules taught in medical books and colleges. He saw that the methods of treatment were wrong, and reasoned that as Catarrh is produced by breathing cold and damp air, so it should be cured by breathing a warm medicated vapor.

After nine years of investigation he discovered a combination of healing herbs, leaves and flowers (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) which, when placed in an ordinary clean pipe—made into medicated cigarettes or burned on a plate and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs, or by sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, would speedily relieve all catarrhal diseases. As shown in the accompanying illustration the warm, healing vapor is carried directly to the very parts affected. This remedy fights and kills Catarrh where liquids, sprays, douches, salves and medicated creams cannot possibly go. It is a most reliable treatment, and is so simple and convenient that it can be used at home by man, woman or child.

FREE SAMPLE BY MAIL

Write a postal card, or cut out and fill in the coupon below, and we will send you by mail a liberal trial treatment entirely free. If you suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness or any other catarrhal trouble, you cannot afford to neglect the use of this remedy. This remedy has cured catarrh of every form in the nose, head, throat, middle ear and lungs. No matter who, or what remedy has failed in your case, this should cure you.

When you try the free sample and see how the warm, pleasant medicated vapor goes to every spot and gives immediate relief, you will be convinced. The regular package, containing enough to last from 25 to 35 days, sent by mail, postpaid for $1. It is not on sale at the drug stores. Send for the free sample today.

CUT OUT HERE

CUT OUT HERE

DR. J. W. BLOSSER,
427 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please send me by mail (free of cost) your Trial Treatment for Catarrh, Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, etc. Also send your Free Illustrated Booklet on Catarrh.

Name ____________

Town - ____________

Street or R. F. D.,— ____________ State____________

Spell out name with pencil, very, very plainly.

Mending Matters.

"Good night," said the young man. But he made no move from the far corner of the divan where he was seated.

The young woman sitting with her head obstinately turned from him moved it back perhaps half an inch. "What are you going for?" she demanded.

"Well," said the young man, "I gathered from your last set of remarks that you could breathe more freely if the atmosphere of the room were not contaminated by my presence—that there would be more space to turn around if the place were not cluttered up by undesirable commodities. In short, I rather figured it out that it was a hint for me to leave!"

"I'm sure," said the young woman, "that I don't want you to stay if you'd rather go! I wouldn't keep you for a minute against your will. It certainly shows when you eagerly seize upon the simplest remarks and twist them about to suit your own convenience that you are looking for a chance to escape! Don't let me detain you, I beg!"

"Oh, you aren't detaining me," the young man assured her. "Before I go I'd like to point out that you are in error when you call your remarks simple. They were not. On the contrary, they were exceedingly forceful and emphatic.

"While those remarks were clear in meaning they were complicated in design—you started on one topic and included sixteen others in the same sentence—so I am rather proud than otherwise that I was able to make out precisely what you meant. It proves to me that I have at least brains enough to come in out of the rain. I rather doubted this at first in the face of what you said. But I couldn't go away and leave you laboring under the delusion that you had something to say that was entirely ineffective and simple. What you said hit the spot!"

"I don't know what you are talking about!" said the young woman. "I suppose you think you are funny!"

"Funny!" the young man echoed in hollow tones. "What do you think I am? Do I impress you as the sort of person who would dance and sing at his own funeral? Why should I be mirthful at having received my walking papers?"

"I hate slang," observed the young woman. "Don't be silly. I never said anything like that!"

The young man shook his head in a resigned manner. "Don't draw out the agony for me, Genevieve," he said. "It's cruelty to attempt to smother the blow. Having given it, why attempt to feed me chocolate drops? As I said some time ago, good night!"

"I wish you wouldn't be so foolish," said the young woman, turning clear around toward him. "If you go home now, at nine o'clock, mother and every one else will want to know what on earth is the matter! So will that Spreese girl across the street. I can see her in their front window now. She'll spread it all over the neighborhood in no time at all that we've quarreled!"

"Why fear the truth?" inquired the young man. "I suppose sooner or later it will dawn on the people that I don't come here any more and——"

"Do you mean to say that you aren't ever coming to see me again?" the young woman broke in, sharply.

"Why should I?" asked the young man, resignedly. "It never would occur to me that I was welcome after having been told that I wasn't!"

"I didn't tell you that."

"You have clothed the idea in graceful language," conceded the young man, "but it was there with both feet, all right! It is plain to be seen that you're tired of me and it has all been a mistake. I apologize for hypnotizing you into engaging yourself to me and I regret the amount of the electric light bills that I have piled up for your father. I will say nothing about my ruined life because that is a subject that would not interest you. I think it is time to say good——"

"I never in my life," interrupted the young woman with indignation, "saw a person twist things the way you do. I didn't say anything at all!"

"Yes, you did—plenty!"

"Well," said the young woman, anxiously, "if I did I didn't mean it, really!"

"Well, that's different," conceded the young man. "Can it be that you don't want me to go?"

"Of course not—foolish! That Spreese girl across the street would be perfectly sure to hear of it."

"Really," said the young man, moving over close to her, "that Spreese girl is an angel, since she has been kind enough to fix up our quarrel for us."

* * *

Lady and Diplomat.

When a diplomat says "yes," he means "perhaps."

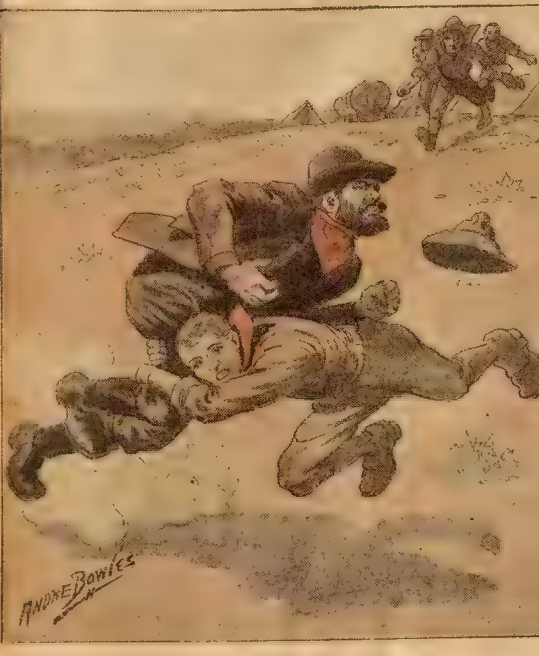
When a diplomat says "perhaps," he means "no;" and when a diplomat says "no," he is no diplomat.

When a lady says "no," she means "perhaps."

When a lady says "perhaps," she means "yes;" and when a lady says "yes," she is no lady.

Gilly's Snake Dance

Or, Boy Scouts in the Desert By William Ressman Andrews



It was a regular football tackle.

[[illegible]ght 1913 by W. D. [illegible] Co.]

Begun in No. 52, December [illegible]. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE trio turned and looked up hastily. A shabby, stoop-shouldered person stood smiling at them with all the self-possession imaginable. It was the man with the jet-black beard and dead-white skin. Gilly recalled how he had watched the putty-faced individual.

"How do you do?" he addressed the young scout affably. "I remember seeing you come out of the Thurston house the day I was keeping tab on the man who finally robbed my employer—right under my nose, I'm ashamed to admit."

They gazed at him in wonderment, and were surprised at his frankness. Yet, on second thought, it was not so strange. He had a purpose in telling them this.

"I'm a detective," he declared steadily. "You've read the newspapers, of course, and know all about Mrs. Thurston's loss?"

They nodded affirmatively, and he went on easily.

"I thought so," he conceded. "She engaged me to forestall any attempt to get her deed before she was able to take it to Bulldog. While the robber in some way escaped my observation and got what he was after, I was fortunate in trailing him. I tracked him here, and found those papers in his tent—that's how I recognize them now, and took the liberty of speaking to you," he added deferentially.

"You don't mean a man wearing a navy blue suit?" ejaculated Gilly, his face showing great excitement.

The man shot a quick glance at him.

"Yes, you haven't seen him?" he inquired anxiously, glancing on all sides. "I want to arrest him. He won't get away this time," he assured them, with a snap, implying an ability to retrieve himself.

He looked to see if he had impressed them. His story sounded all right. A candid confession of failure always seems like a desire to dispel any suspicion of an attempt at deception.

"I suppose you would like me to hand over these papers?" questioned Mr. Clifford, briefly.

The stranger eyed him speculatively. The inspection seemed satisfactory.

"Why, yes, if you would be so good," he smiled ingratiatingly. "I want to place them in Mrs. Thurston's hands without loss of time." He stopped a moment. "Of course," he added slowly, his face radiating an air of guileless solicitation, "if you're going to leave for [illegible] you might want to deliver the papers personally."

A look of perplexity came into Mr. Clifford's face as he glanced at his son. Gilly evidently wanted to have that honor. But it was out of the question. The camping trip was going to last some time, and the documents could be given to their owner none too soon.

The hesitation affected the stranger. A shadow of anxiety passed over his face.

"No. We aren't going to return just now," volunteered Mr. Clifford.

The stranger brightened up at the admission. "What do you think, Gilly?" Mr. Clifford advanced musingly. "I know how you feel about it, but this gentleman will see Mrs. Thurston weeks before we will. Wouldn't be fair to keep her waiting so long."

The stranger's eyes shone with the light of expectation.

"You see," he said, quickly following up the advantage, "besides wanting to make good at the finish by giving my client these papers, I can be of service to you—act as your messenger. Of course, if you're going back right away, I wouldn't think of interfering with your desires in the matter," he renounced grandly. It was pretty safe to say this now.

The disavowal failed to ring true in Gilly's ears, and prejudiced him. It seemed too much like overdoing the thing, when the remark was uncalled for. Gilly also resented the insult to their intelligence. Did the man suppose that they weren't quick to see how it smacked of insincerity? If he meant what he said, he would not have waited until sure of their remaining in the desert before making such a declaration.

Mr. Clifford was for giving the papers in the stranger's keeping. It seemed the obvious way to settle the matter. Gilly, however, thought otherwise now. He addressed the stranger.

"Suppose we keep them until you've arrested the thief?" he said tentatively.

The question's implied doubt made Mr. Clifford feel that the man would take offense, yet it only aroused a smile.

"Of course, if you think that the best way," the stranger agreed promptly. "But you forget how hard a time I've had to find my man. No telling where the chase might lead. If he should be going on the back trail, as most likely he will, I'd overtake him at the railroad. Then I'd have to come back again and find you to get the papers. It simply means delay."

"You're right," broke in Mr. Clifford, convinced. He tied up the package and gave it to the stranger, who thanked him profusely, and then placed it in an inside pocket. An apology for his son's blunt question seemed in order. "I hope you don't misunderstand," he said conciliatorily.

"Oh, no, I don't," came the prompt reply. The tone was easy. His words might have carried a double meaning, yet the voice betrayed nothing.

Gilly's eyes never left the man's face during the rest of the interview, which lasted only a little time longer. Mr. Clifford was curious about detective work and asked a number of questions. His intentness prevented him from seeing at first how eager the gentleman was to be off.

"You have to be pretty foxy or they'll get away," was some of the volunteered information. The stranger cited his own case as a good example. "I've just been on the go all the time since the robbery," he added inscrutably. "The affair certainly has kept me jumping."

He reached for Mr. Clifford's hand.

"You can't imagine how much of a help you've been to me," he declared fervently, giving him a hearty shake, then grasping the lads' hands in turn.

His gratitude showed more in Gilly's case, for the young scout got a handshaking so vigorous that for a moment or two the pain was terrific.

"I assure you there're no hard feelings," explained the man, smiling amiably.

Gilly judged from the pressure that there was too much feeling, and he was getting more than he wanted.

The next moment the stranger was off. He disappeared around the corner of a pueblo, and might have directed his steps to the inclined road or another part of the mesa, for all the trio were aware.

"Why so glum, son?" Mr. Clifford asked lightly, after they had moved on. He felt good over the restoration of the documents. And then, too, the change of air had already in these few days wrought its magic effect on his health.

"I'm sorry we didn't wrap them up and get somebody to mail them for us," he declared slowly.

His father looked at him sharply. "Don't think anything's wrong?" he demanded abruptly.

"Can't say," Gilly returned sourly.

"Tut, tut, lad!" his father exclaimed in good-natured raillery. "His effusive gratitude, shown in such energetic handshaking, has left you with a pretty sore hand. Perhaps he squeezed harder than necessary when he got around to you, but that was a sly way of getting back for your impoliteness. Now if Mr.— by the way, what is his name, I wonder?"

"He didn't say," retorted Gilly, dryly. "Was in such a hurry, he forgot to be polite in all things." His father laughed.

"All right, son," he bantered. "Just you wait until you get a nice note of thanks from Madge for being instrumental in restoring her mother's papers so quickly." His manner became grave. "You know we couldn't keep them until we left the desert. They'll be delivered in a much shorter time, as you heard. The man seemed perfectly sincere, and I had no reason to doubt his word. You say yourself that you saw him watching the man in blue, whose actions appeared the more suspicious of the two."

"But I've changed my mind," announced the young scout, decisively. "Towards the last his words, and manner, too, for that matter, gave me a bad impression."

"Oh, nonsense!" disapproved his father, perhaps a little impatient with Gilly's stubbornness. It made him feel uncomfortable. No one likes to have his judgment questioned.

Gilly suddenly realized this, and also recollected that he was arguing with his father. As a dutiful son, he should be careful not to show a lack of respect. So the lad checked himself, and removed this suspicion by saying with great deference:

"Perhaps I was wrong. You know best, father."

Gilly's apology had a peculiar effect.

"Shouldn't wonder if there is something in what you say, Gilly," declared Mr. Clifford, thoughtfully. Opposition now lacking, he could give another's views fairer consideration. He frowned in perplexity. Could there be something in his son's doubts? Gilly generally had good reasons for whatever he advanced. "I wonder if——"

His musing was cut short by a startling greeting.

"Well, of all things," cried a delighted and surprised feminine voice in recognition of his son's presence. 'If we don't meet again, here of any place I can think of!"

The speaker was Madge Thurston. Her mother and aunt were with her.

The mutual amazement caused by the unexpected meeting finally subsided. Then introductions were in order. Gilly's expression showed how eagerly he wanted to know what induced them to take the trip. It seemed strange to see Mrs. Thurston on a pleasure jaunt after the shock of her loss. It must have upset her considerably.

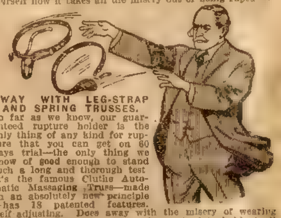
$10. A Day FOR YOUR SPARE TIME
AGENTS WANTED

Hundreds of our agents are making **$10 a day in their spare time.** Many are beating that and are getting their own **clothes Free.** We are dead sure **you can do it.** Such a thing as failure is utterly impossible with our new and complete outfit which we send by express—**all charges prepaid.** Our fine line of stylish, well made, carefully finished clothes, guaranteed fit—**beats everything** ever offered. Lowest prices. **Our Outfit** is magnificent—our styles and fashions simply wonderful. Strong selling plans that **bring the orders** and **Big Money** for you every week, in hard cash.

Pants $2.75 UP Suits $9.00 UP

Can you beat it? Be a PROGRESS agent. *Earn $5 to $10 a day in your spare time* while doing other work. Send no money. Everything is FREE. No experience necessary. Get the Outfit, order blanks, stationery, tape line and everything necessary to start you in a *Big Money Making Business* of your own. Write today. Be ready for the largest Spring business ever known. Land the early orders in bunches.

Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 1051, Chicago


Guaranteed Rupture Holder On 60 Days Trial

Won't Cost You A Cent If The Two Months Test Doesn't Prove All Our Claims

You can make a thorough 60 day test of this guaranteed rupture holder without having to risk a single cent. We'll make one especially for your case and let you see for yourself how it takes all the misery out of being ruptured.

AWAY WITH LEG-STRAP AND SPRING TRUSSES.

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why drugstores should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

Box 25—Cluthe Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

ALABASTER BALM
LIQUID TOILET POWDER
THE PERFECT COMPLEXION LOTION

Imparts a soft, youthful appearance to the face and keeps the skin smooth and delicate. Unrivaled for beautifying the face, neck shoulders and arms. Removes Tan, Freckles and Sunburn. Prevents roughness and chapping. All druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cents. Your money cheerfully refunded if not entirely satisfied.

BEGGS MFG. CO., 1650 Ogden Ave., Chicago.

GYPSY Fortune Teller
And Dream Book

Know thy future. Will you be successful in Love, Marriage, Health, Wealth, and Business. Tells fortunes by all methods. cards, palmistry, tea cup, zodiaology, etc. Gives lucky and unlucky days. Interprets dreams. A large book by mail for TEN CENTS.
Earn money telling fortunes.

PIKE PUB CO., Dept. 1. So. Norwalk, Conn.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia Conquered at Last. Chase's Blood & Nerve Tablets does it. Write for Proof. Advice Free. Dr. CHASE, 224 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MONEY $$ for wise men, $ $ key free. J. WARREN SMITH, Ottawa, Ill.

STERLING SILVER BLUE BIRD RING FREE
Bird beautifully enameled in original color. To "GET ACQUAINTED" with you, will send this ring, any size, upon receipt of 12c to help pay advertising. THE AUCTION CO., Dept. 147 Attleboro, Mass.

Vacant Government Land
HOW TO GET A FARM FREE
A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : ::
FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS
About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c., POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.

The aunt caught the look.

"Suppose you wonder why we're here?" she asked quickly. Without waiting for a reply she explained. "My sister, I knew, would become distracted over the disappearance of the papers. Something had to be done to get her mind on something else. Matters had to stand still until her detective reported some progress." Mr. Clifford shot a meaning glance at his son. The reference to the plain clothes man seemed almost like confirmation. Mr. Clifford was ready now to go back to his original opinion.

The lady continued, "I couldn't think of anything better than snakes."

There was a twinkle in her violet eyes. She was a vivacious little body, and she needed no forced cheerfulness to prevent her sister from getting into the dumps at the reference to the robbery—which, the good lady assumed, from the way she plunged into the subject, the trio of listeners knew all about.

"I've got a surprise in store for you," imparted Mr. Clifford, eagerly, glancing quickly at the attractive, though now somewhat sad face of Madge's mother.

"Yes?" she asked, brightening up, and smiling expectantly. The speaker's manner seemed to indicate a knowledge of great importance, interesting her greatly.

"We just gave the deed of the Bulldog property to your detective," he asserted, with easy confidence.

"What?" she exclaimed breathlessly. It was such pleasant news, and so unexpected. The announcement was almost unbelievable. "Yes, yes, tell me all about it, please!" she cried impulsively. She looked at him with parted lips and wide eyes. Everything seemed in a whirl. "To think of recovering the deed out on this dreary waste of sand!"

Mr. Clifford hastily told of the interview, while three feminine faces beamed with amazement and joy. When he finished they looked around longingly.

"I wish the detective would hurry and find us; but then, come to think of it, he doesn't know we are here," said Mrs. Thurston. "I'll have to hunt for him. Oh! I can't wait until I see him in Los Angeles. You don't suppose he's had time to start back for the railroad?"

The peculiar eagerness in her voice was unmistakable, and her eyes asked only one question. But Madge's sweet smile was the real spur—for Gilly. He felt that "a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse." He offered to go in search at once, hoping to bring back the papers somehow.

"Let me go, too," put in Ted, quickly, anxious to be of assistance.

"And so will I," came the brisk announcement from Mr. Clifford, who had wanted to satisfy himself on certain things. "If three scurry around the vicinity," he continued over his shoulder, as he hurried off, and pointed the directions the boys were to go, "it won't take long to run across him."

A look of relief came into Mrs. Thurston's face, and she sighed gratefully.

"Margaret," she said joyously to her sister, "now there won't be any difficulty in proving my claims. How queer it all seems. Sounds like a fairy tale."

The two women and the girl waited in gripping expectation, their faces flushed. Suppose the detective were not found after all? The uncertainty of the delay would be distressing. Mrs. Thurston never would be at ease until the papers were safe beyond the reach of theft and loss. Once she got her hands on the deed it would not leave her until everything was settled in Bulldog.

Presently a boyish head appeared on the trail below. Gilly toiled to the top of the mesa. But he had no good news to report. Then there was a painful wait for the others.

Ted came back next puffing with the weariness of desert plodding. But his laborious efforts had been fruitless.

The last hope, pinned on Mr. Clifford, was shattered a little later, when he, too, returned with no satisfying news. He had covered more ground than the boys, striding through the sinking, resisting sand, stumbling over boulders in wild dashes from group to group. The darting way he had peered into people's faces must have given them an uncanny feeling. As he did not know the man's name, he could not facilitate the chase by shouting him.

While deploring the lack of success, he suddenly saw a figure not unknown to him.

"Ted!" Mr. Clifford whispered hoarsely. "There's the man in blue. The thief we are to look out for."

"The what?" exclaimed Mrs. Thurston, astonished, her eyelids expanding. "He's my detective! You've made a mistake!" And she rushed forward crying: "Oh, Mr. Brown, I'm so glad you got the papers. Let me have them right away, please."

Mr. Clifford had not thought it necessary to describe the detective's appearance, otherwise there would have been no misunderstanding.

It was the turn of the man in blue to be astonished.

"I haven't the papers," he denied dazedly. "I trailed my man here, and hope to see him and them, too, before long. Heard that he was to meet that scalawag mine owner at the Snake Dance and turn them over to him. A letter in his hotel put me on the right track."

He was quite amazed to see his client here, but her words were more astonishing and needed elucidation. She quickly put him in possession of the facts.

"The man bluffed you into giving up the documents," he enlightened the scout party. The announcement was received with crestfallen looks on the part of Mr. Clifford. "But then you were not to know the game he was playing on you. He's a very plausible chap."

"Entirely too plausible to suit me!" snapped Mr. Clifford, angry at himself for not heeding his son's reluctance. But there was no time for vain regrets. "Come, we'll hitch up and get on the trail for the railroad. It's the only way out of the country. We might overtake him."

While he was speaking, the smooth-talking, black-bearded individual suddenly popped around a pueblo, casting nervous glances to the right and the left, apparently on the lookout for somebody. But evidently he was not anxious to run into the party scrutinizing him. The moment he saw the group, he dashed for the nearest way to the inclined road. Gilly ran after him, taking a short cut. The man saw his intention, and smiled disdainfully. He was many pounds heavier, had a long reach, could punch hard, and consequently felt sure of himself in an encounter with a lad.

But Gilly knew what he was about. When he got near he made no attempt to strike his antagonist. The burly fellow could have knocked him over with one blow of his sledge-hammer fist. But Gilly had a trick worth knowing. Thanks, too, to his gymnasium and scout training, he was muscular and could stand quite a little rough usage, even with such a foe, provided the unequal match did not last too long.

The moment he got in range, Gilly lowered his head. Then he shot forward like a butting ram. His sinewy arms were thrust out, and in less time than it takes a snake to coil, they were around the man's thick legs. It was a regular football tackle.

Down they went together. The man squirmed to a sitting position and clenched a fist. But it never descended on the boy's body. The next moment, Mr. Clifford and the detective, who had followed close behind, threw themselves on his opponent and pinned him to the ground. Gilly got up, none the worse for the experience, and procured a rope from the Moki chief, who happened along and saw the Boy Scout's daring.

"Heap fine boy. Cachum quick, alle same Snake priest catchum rattlesnake muchee hurry," he complimented, with an admiring grin.

"You wouldn't have got me," snarled the prisoner, "if I hadn't been kept waiting around here to find Al Smith. I got the papers for him. That guy," he added vindictively, "is going to pay for his slowness. I'll turn State's evidence." And he did, to the sorrow and regret of his principal.

Mrs. Thurston went to Bulldog an got her rights without further trouble.

By autumn Gilly's father was we and the campers returned home. Whe Gilly got older, by applying the sam qualities which had made him successfu as a scout leader, he built up a fin business as a manufacturers' agent, an married Madge. Ted became a very pros perous commission merchant in Chicag

Next week's Ledger will contain a other splendid story for boys, "Jac Sewell's Fortunes; or, Among the Pea Islands of the Gulf." It is a rattlin story of the adventures and perils of two boys among the pirates and Indians o the Pearl Islands. Be sure and read it.

The End.

* * *

A Worshiper.

A new preacher on his way to the service one Sabbath evening, met a young man whom he had seen on one or two occasions.

"Isn't this Mr. Harkins?" asked the dominie, stopping the young man and extending his hand. "I am the new preacher, who has just come to town."

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, returning the handshake. "I am Mr. Harkins."

"I have seen you several times," pleasantly continued the pastor, "but until now I haven't had the pleasure o making your acquaintance. I presume that you are accustomed to divine worship every evening?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was the smiling response of the young man. "I am on my way to see her now."

*

Don't Monkey With—.

The following notice is posted in an Iberville parish sawmill. "Don't monkey with the buzzsaw. Hands off!"

I RELIEVED MY CATARRH OVER NIGHT

I Will Gladly Tell You How—FREE

HEALS 24 HOURS

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming, or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different—something delightful and healthful — something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger, and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription —but I am cured, and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I AM FREE—YOU CAN BE FREE

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it **FREE.** Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz, Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, **FREE,** at once. Do not delay. Send the postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Suite F101,
1325 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

MONEY IN WHEAT

$10.00 Buys Puts or Calls on 10,000 bushels of wheat. No Further Risk. A movement of 5c from price gives you chance to take $500.00; 4c $400.00; 3c $300.00, etc. Write for particulars.

THE CENTRAL STOCK & GRAIN CO.
1100 Park Bldg., Cleveland, O.

One Man One Team

CLEAR $20 A DAY

Have Your Own Business — Be Your Own Master
You will find a steady, profitable business with POWERS COMBINED WELL-BORING AND DRILLING MACHINE

You alone, with one team, can transport and operate it anywhere. Bores through any kind of soil and drills through rock. Bores 100 foot well in 10 hours. Sold on easy payments. Demand for wells is steadily increasing. Write for catalog and our Liberal Terms. Address LISLE MFG. CO., Box617, Clarinda, Ia.

GOITRE Can be Cured

Send for free booklet telling how easily it is done, to
BEAVER REMEDY CO.,
Beaver Dam, Wis.

"Swift's Premium" Calendar for 1914

The four subjects reproduced in this beautiful four leaf art calendar are painted in a new strong style.

The Outdoor Girl in Summer

The calendar pages are exact replicas of extraordinary paintings of four beautiful girls in graceful poses amid seasonable surroundings. The illustration here gives but little idea of the delicate harmonious blending of colors in the "Outdoor Girl" picture. "Swift's Premium" Calendar was never before so novel and attractive.

Sent to any address for 10c in coin or U.S. stamps (in Canada 10c extra on account of duty),

Or—Trade-Mark end of five "Swift's Premium" Oleomargarine cartons,

Or—Parchment circle in top of a jar of "Swift's Premium" Sliced Bacon,

Or—Ten Wool Soap wrappers,

Or—Six Maxine Elliott Toilet Soap wrappers.

"Swift's Premium" Ham

Do not parboil "Swift's Premium" Ham before broiling or frying. It will be mild flavored and tender if parboiling is omitted.

Swift & Company, 4207 Packers Avenue, Chicago

WE WILL GIVE

This **GOLD PLATED LOCKET and 22-in. CHAIN** —Locket opens to hold two pictures and is set with 7 perfect simillitude **TURQUOISES** and a **PEARL**— and these **4 GOLD PLATED RINGS** to anyone that will sell only **12** pieces of Jewelry at **10c** each and return us the **$1.20.** We trust you and take back all not sold. Address P.M. DALE MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

5 YEAR
GUARANTEE

96 CENTS C.O.D. BY PARCEL POST

To advertise our business and introduce our catalogue of Elgin and Waltham watches, we will send this elegant watch for **only 96 cents** to any money order post office, C.O.D. by insured parcel post, gents or boys size. High grade gold finish case, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, accurate timekeeper, fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send your name and P.O. address today and watch will be sent by return mail. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
MUTUAL SALES CO., Dept. X, 306 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

PEPPERS

A Tough Old Bird.

Sir Thomas Lipton lately told a droll story of the experience of a London club to which he belonged.

A Devonshire man sent this club at Christmas time a fine large swan in a hamper. The hamper was addressed to the secretary, who notified the club members of the treat that was in store, and a special swan dinner was arranged for Christmas Eve.

The swan came on, at this dinner, looking magnificent—erect and stately on a great silver salver. But tough! It was so tough you couldn't have carved the gravy. All perceived that they had been hoaxed.

A few days later the sender of the swan dropped in at the club.

"Got my swan all right, I hope?" he said to the secretary.

"Yes; and a nice trick you played on us," was the reply.

"Trick? What do you mean?"

"Why, we boiled that swan for sixteen hours, and when it came on the table it was tougher than a block of granite."

"Good gracious! Did you have my swan cooked?"

"Yes, of course."

The other was in despair.

"Why, that bird was historic!" he groaned. "I sent him up to be stuffed and preserved. He had been in my family for two hundred and ninety years. He had eaten out of the hand of King Charles I.!"

A Convenient Knot Hole.

Senator Vardaman, at a luncheon at the New Willard, said of a certain trust's defense:

"The defense is worse than the offense. It takes me back to Bath Beach.

"A young lady at Bath Beach had occasion to complain about one of the bathhouse attendants, an old fellow, who, in the hurry of cleaning up, would sometimes burst in upon her in her bathhouse without knocking.

"One morning, after this had happened for the sixth or seventh time, the young lady took the old fellow to task.

"'See here, Peters,' she said, 'there's no lock on my bathhouse, as you know, and I must insist on your knocking before you enter. It hasn't happened yet, but it might very well happen, that you'd come in on me when I was all undressed.'

"Peters, with a chuckle, hastened to reassure the young lady on this point.

"'No fear of that, miss,' he said. 'No fear of that. There's a knot hole in the door what I always look through before I venture in.'"

Improving the Opportunity.

They were talking about improving an opportunity one afternoon, when Mr. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, contributed to the conversation.

"Makes me think," he smilingly said, "of a youngster who lives in our town. One afternoon he was invited to a party where, of course, refreshments were bountifully served.

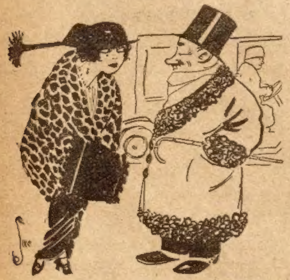
"'Won't you have something more, Willie?' asked the pretty hostess, toward the close of the feast.

"'No, thank you,' replied Willie, with an expression of great satisfaction. 'I'm full.'

"'Well, then,' smiled the hostess, 'put some fruit and cake in your pocket to eat on the way home.'

"'No, thank you,' came the rather startling response of Willie, 'they're full, too.'"

◆



Mrs. Tellit—"Do you think things will be cheaper if the trusts are busted?"

Tellit—"Well, foreign noblemen won't bring so high a price here as formerly."

The Only Way Out.

Will West, the comedian, although thought by everybody an American, is really a native of London. Each summer Mr. West goes home, visiting in London his aged father. During Will West's last visit to England new elections were on and the budget was up for general discussion over the country. Eager to hear some of the English statesmen on the stump, Mr. West attended a crowded meeting at Manchester where Mr. Asquith was to speak.

The hall was packed to suffocation; but the speaker was prompt and got to the business of England's financial difficulties quickly. Lucidly, pungently, and earnestly, after his usual manner, Mr. Asquith was in the midst of a closely knit statement of England and her fiscal ailment, when one of the several hundred crowded in the middle of the hall shouted out:

"Yes, Mr. Asquith, but did Gladstone do in 1880?"

At once there was an uproar and general shouts of "Throw him out!"; and then quiet was restored. The speaker resumed. But no sooner had Mr. Asquith struck his gait than the stentorian cry of "What did Gladstone do in 1880?" filled the hall once more.

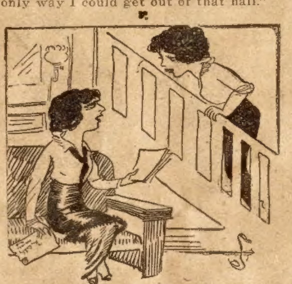
This was too much for the rest of the gathering, so without further rejoinders the owner of the interrupting voice was ejected from the hall. With one grand rush he was hurled into the street as if he were a sack of meal.

Then curiosity took hold of a Scotchman who had helped kick the intruder out—curiosity so unconquerable that the Scotchman walked over to the ejected citizen of Manchester, and narrowly watching him pick himself up and brush his clothes, sarcastically inquired:

"Weel, now that it's all over, what DID Gladstone do in 1880?"

"Blamed if I know," answered the bedraggled and excited interrupter, "but I've got to catch a train and that's the only way I could get out of that hall."

◆



Maude—"Does Edwin write much to you?"

Ella—"His letters to me weigh close to the parcel post limit."

The Actor's Dilemma.

A New York politician, discussing a bill that he disliked, said:

"I object to this bill because it would accomplish nothing. It would make no real change. It would be like the case of the actor and the canal-boat captain. There was once upon a time an actor, who, after an enforced idleness of two months, was lucky enough to secure an engagement in a town twenty-five miles away. The actor had to reach the town that night. If he failed to arrive, then his part would be given to some one else. Well, the poor player patched his worn boots, tied up his few belongings in a newspaper, and set out in the early morning on foot along the towpath. After he had covered some six or seven miles, his boots gave way, blisters came on his feet, fatigue overpowered him, and in despair he threw himself on the grass beneath a tree.

"A canal boat drew near, and an idea seized the actor.

"'Captain!' he shouted. 'Captain, stop for mercy's sake!'

"'Wot d'ye want?' asked the captain, as he stopped the boat.

"'Captain,' said the actor, 'I must get to Quag tonight to play the second villain in "The World Goes Very Well." I am footsore and weary, and can walk no farther. If you will assist me I will work out my passage.'

"The captain gave the petitioner a kindly nod. 'Right y' are!' he said. 'Lead the hoss.'

"'Thank goodness!' cried the atcor; 'I am saved!'"

Excellent Reasons.

General Nelson A. Miles, during active service, one day received a telegram from a subordinate who was on a furlough but was expected back that day. The dispatch read:

"Sorry but cannot report today as expected, owing to unavoidable circumstances."

The tone of the message did not please the General, and he wired back: "Report at once or give reasons."

Back came the answer from a hospital: "Train off, can't ride; legs off, can't walk."

Their Mistake.

From Erin he came, seeking work, (oh, yes, he was an Irishman), and at last he found what he wanted in a provincial town in England. But he must have somewhere to sleep, must this happy-go-lucky son of the Emerald Isle, so, noticing an inn, he went to inquire for a bed.

There was none to be had, however, except he liked to share a room with a darky. Pat was tired and said he "didn't moind the least bit in the wurrld, sure," and tumbled in, first asking the innkeeper to call him at five o'clock in the morning.

But there was a conspiracy on foot. All the world seems to think an Irishman the butt of every kind of wit. So several other occupants of the inn crept upstairs, and in the silent hours of the night blackened Paddy's face with the aid of a burnt cork.

Morning came, and Pat had a scramble to get to work, so he dispensed with the unnecessary scrubbing.

Imagine his utter astonishment then, as, on passing a furniture shop, he caught sight of his face in the glass. Bewilderment slowly dawned over his characteristic Irish countenance, and strange words came slowly from his trembling lips.

"Shure and begorra," he cried, aghast, "they've called the wrong man!"

Not a Sunday Face.

In illustration of the "dreary Glasgow Sunday," a lecturer told this story of the late J. L. Toole. He was leaving his hotel in Glasgow one fine Sunday morning, when the sun was shining brightly. As he was strolling along George square a policeman eyed him suspiciously, and at last approached and said:

"Ye had better tak' care what ye're doing."

"What am I doing?" inquired Toole, and added, with a merry wink, "Why, I'm not even whistling."

"No," replied the Glaswegian, in solemn and reproving tones; "but ye're lookin' almost as happy as if it were Monday."

Discouraging Sunday Travel.

The Rev. Dr. MacDonald from Toronto, in looking over his hotel bill and seeing the many extra charges, said it reminded him of an incident which happend in Edinburgh.

"One wet Sunday morning," he said, "I hired a cab to go to my church. On reaching my destination I tendered the cabby the legal fare, one shilling, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabb say, "Two shillin', sir."

"I looked at the extortioner and asked why he charged two shillings, to which he dryly answered: 'We wish to discourage traveling on the Sabbath as much as possible, sir.'"

Practicing Economy.

"I understand, Harry," remarked the acquaintance, "that your wife had started to practice economy. The missus was saying something about it last night."

"Yes," replied Harry, "she is practicing economy, all right, and if your wife is thinking of taking a turn in the same direction, you had better get busy and head her off before it is too late."

"I don't understand you, Harry," said the acquaintance, with a perplexed expression. "I should regard economy as something to commend."

"Yes," was the smiling rejoinder of Harry, "but not when your wife is buying your shirts at three for a dollar so that she can get herself a twenty-dollar hat."

The Rascally Bill Smith.

George Newman, during the Baltimore convention of advertising men, told at the midnight banquet a number of advertising anecdotes.

"Then there was Bill Smith"—so one anecdote began "the rascally Bill Smith, who put in all the papers an advertisement saying:

"Send thirty two-cent stamps for a speedy, safe, and certain rat exterminator."

"A good many people, their properties being overrun with rats, sent for the rat exterminator. In return for their thirty stamps they got this recipe from Bill: "Treat your rats with kindness—they'll die of surprise on the spot."

A Great Calamity.

Veterans and near veterans were fighting all the old battles over again on the street car. Thrilling escapes and blood curdling adventures had been related by the dozen when the turn came to a little old man with a long beard.

Stroking this adornment carefully, the old man said:

"Well, boys, the war cost me just nine hundred dollars in cold cash. I didn't want to go, so I paid a substitute the money to serve for me. Do you know that fellow went all through the war without getting a scratch? I could have done the same thing and saved my money. I tell you war is a calamity."

A Stinging Retort.

"We don't print any such stuff as that!" said the editor, loftily, as he handed back the manuscript.

"Well, you needn't be so haughty about it!" retorted the irregular contributor. "You're not the only one who won't print it."—Puck.

Use KEROSENE Engine Free!

Amazing "DETROIT" Kerosene Engine shipped on 15 days' FREE Trial, proves kerosene cheapest, safest, most powerful fuel. If satisfied, pay lowest price ever given on reliable farm engine; if not, pay nothing. No waste, no evaporation, no explosion from coal oil.

Gasoline Going Up!

Gasoline is 9c to 15c higher than coal oil. Still going up. Two pints of coal oil do work of three pints gasoline.

Amazing "DETROIT"

—only engine running on coal oil successfully, uses alcohol, gasoline and benzine, too. Starts without cranking. Only three moving parts—no cams—no sprockets—no gears—no valves—the utmost in simplicity, power and strength. Mounted on skids. All sizes, 2 to 20 h. p., in stock ready to ship. Engine tested before crating. Comes all ready to run. Pumps, saws, threshes, churns, separates milk, grinds feed, shells corn, runs home electric lighting plant. Prices (stripped), $29.50 up. Sent any place on 15 days' Free Trial. Don't buy an engine till you investigate the money-saving, power-saving "DETROIT." Thousands in use. Costs only postal to find out. If you are first in your neighborhood to write, you get Special Extra-Low Introductory price. Write! (138)

Cylinders cannot carbonize

Detroit Engine Works, 101 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

If I Send You this Suit

made to your measure, in the latest style, loose box back, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show it to your friends and let them see our beautiful samples and dashing new styles?

Could you use $5.00 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps I can offer you a steady job. If you will write me a letter or a postal at once and say: *"Send me your special offer,"* I will send you samples and styles to pick from and my **surprising liberal offer. Address,**

L. E. ASHER, President

Banner Tailoring Co.

Dept. 648 Chicago, Ill.

$8.50 Buys 150 Egg Incubator

and 150 CHICK BROODER

The most startling offer ever made. Quality guaranteed—money back if not satisfied. $8.50 buys two—Think! Why pay more? Write quick for details.

Rockford Incubator Company
Box 28 Rockford, Illinois

Incubator $6
Brooder $3

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK on POULTRY

and Almanac for 1914 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c.
C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 890 Freeport, Ill.

55 BREEDS

FINE PURE BRED POULTRY,

Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Collie Dogs. A lifetime experience with poultry. Send 4c for my big book and price list. Write us for anything in the poultry line—we are headquarters.

H. H. HINIKER,
Box 96 Mankato, Minn.

140 EGG INCUBATOR CHICK BROODER Both For $10

Freight Paid East of the Rockies

The incubator is California Redwood, covered with asbestos and galvanized iron: has triple walls, copper tank, nursery, egg tester, thermometer, ready to use. 30 DAYS' TRIAL—money back if not O. K. Write for FREE Catalog today—NOW

Ironclad Incubator Co., Dept 145 Racine, Wis. (2)

Latest Book "Profitable Poultry," 128 pages practical facts, lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, etc. 180 beautiful pictures. Latest improved methods to raise poultry. All about **Runner ducks**, 52 other varieties pure-bred poultry only 5 cents.

Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 68, Clarinda, Ia

Greider's Fine Catalogue

and calendar of pure-bred poultry for 1914, large, many pages of poultry facts, different breeds in natural colors, 70 varieties illustrated and described. Incubators and brooders, low price of stock and eggs for hatching. A perfect guide to all poultry raisers. Send 10c for this noted book.

B. H. GREIDER, Box 61 Rheems, Pa.

56 BREEDS Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Hardy, northern raised, pure bred, of finest plumage. Fowls, eggs and incubators at lowest prices. America's greatest poultry farm. Send 4c for large, fine 19th Annual Catalog and Poultry Book.

R. F. NEUBERT CO., BOX 855 MANKATO, MINN.

PFILE'S 65 Varieties

LAND and Water Fowls. Farm-raised stock, with eggs in season. Send 2c for my valuable illustrated descriptive Poultry Book for 1914. Write Henry Pfile, Box 663. Freeport, Ill.

PATENTS SECURED or Fee Returned.

Free reports as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.

Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

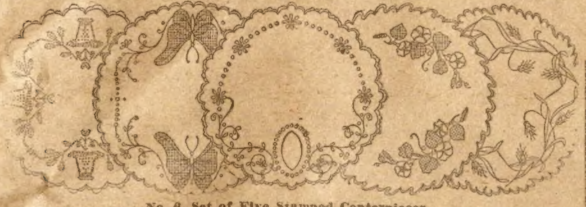
The LEDGER'S EMBROIDERY CORNER.

We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra.

These designs are already stamped on best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described.

Every one of the designs we are going to offer is new and up-to-date, and nowhere else can you secure the same, as they are made exclusively for us.

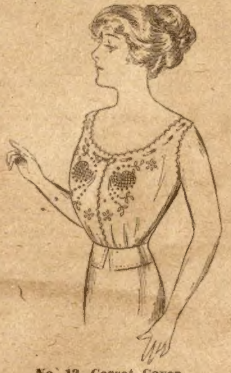
You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them, every woman should have little trouble in getting almost every one.



No. 6, Set of Five Stamped Centerpieces.

NO. 6, SET OF FIVE STAMPED CENTERPIECES. — Each centerpiece is stamped on linon, size 18x18 inches, for eyelet embroidery, cross stitch, punch work, eyelet and punch work, and solid embroidery. This set also includes: 2 skeins of colored cotton for the cross stitch; 15 skeins of C. B. white embroidery cotton; 2 packages of assorted needles; 1 punch work needle; 1 stiletto; 1 book of embroidery stitches by "Mme. DuParque."

Complete outfit, all ready to begin work on, sent free to any one sending us $2.00 for a year's subscription (new or renewal) to both the Blade and the Ledger. These centerpieces will be sent without the paper upon receipt of $1.25.



No. 12, Corset Cover.

NO. 12, CORSET COVER.—A corset cover that every woman will want. Made for French embroidery and punch work, and is stamped on fine quality nainsook, with four skeins of imported cotton for working.

Free to any one sending us $1.00 for a year's subscription (new or renewal) to either the Blade or the Ledger. You can get the corset cover without the paper by sending fifty cents.

Resinol Soap

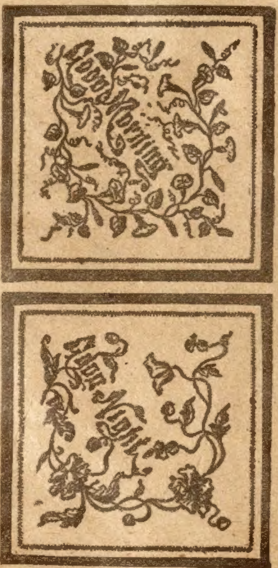
for a clear complexion

PIMPLES and blackheads disappear, unsightly complexions become clean, clear, and velvety, and hair health and beauty are promoted by the regular use of Resinol Soap and an occasional application of Resinol Ointment. These soothing, healing preparations do their work easily, quickly and at little cost, when even the most expensive cosmetics and complicated "beauty treatments" fail.

All druggists sell Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. For trial size of each, write to Dept. F Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

NO. 28, A PAIR OF PILLOW SHAMS.—This pair of shams looks very neat when stamped on muslin, each size 36x36 inches. Ten skeins of cotton are furnished for working. Nice pillow shams are the mark of a real housekeeper.

A pair of these shams are sent free to any one sending $2.00 for a year's subscription (new or renewal) to the Blade and Ledger together. You can get these pillow shams without the paper if you will send us $1.00.



No. 28, A Pair of Pillow Shams.

* * *

Even a baby realizes this is a hard old world the first time it falls out of bed.

Wage Too Minimum.

An Irish M. P. is telling a story of a man who complained to three friends, an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman, that his servant was constantly breaking china.

"What do you think I ought to do with her?" he asked plaintively.

The practical Englishman said: "Dismiss her!" But as she was otherwise an excellent servant, her master was unwilling to do that.

"Then take it out of her wages," suggested the thrifty Scot.

"That wouldn't do much good," was the reply, "for her wages are less than the amount of damage she does."

"Then raise her wages!" said the Irishman promptly.

* * *

Comparative Endurance.

Mrs. Youngbride—"My husband vows that his love is more enduring than the everlasting granite."

Mrs. Longwedd—"Huh! Mine said the same thing; but it didn't even last as long as a wood pavement."

YOUR NEXT SUIT FREE

Made to Your Measure

$30 to $40 would not buy a better one, but you get it for nothing. Not a cent to pay. Simply wear it, tell your friends where you got it, and make

$10 to $15 a Day

taking their orders. It is dead easy. You never saw a nobbier suit or a more stunning pattern, cut in strictly Tango style (3 months ahead of the times). Your choice of 60 patterns and a dozen different styles to choose from. Drop us a postal card for heavy pattern book, inside information about styles, self-measuring, blanks, etc., etc. Don't wait. Everything free—We pay expressage. Get ahead of the other fellows—write this very minute. A postal will do it.

Hand Tailored
Classy Linings
Millionaire Trimmings
Swell Cut
Guaranteed Fit

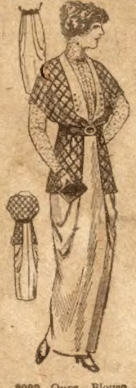
AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO.
Dept. 106, Chicago

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

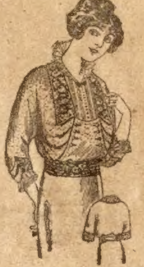
Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

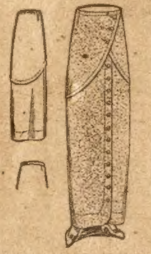
We make a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid Offer below.**



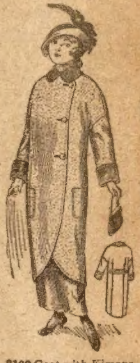
8099 Over Blouse with Tunic and Skirt, 34 to 42 bust.



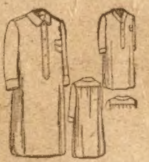
8122 Fancy Blouse, 34 to 44 bust.



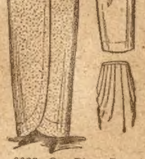
8106 Three-Piece Skirt, with Simulated Tunic, 22 to 32 waist.



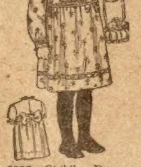
8100 Coat with Kimono Sleeves for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



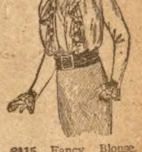
8094 Men's Night Shirt, 34 to 44 breast.



8098 One-Piece Peg Top Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.



8095 Child's Dress, 2 to 6 years.



8115 Fancy Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it. To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of The Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

.... CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US ....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 590 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to **Five Pattern Coupons. Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.**

NAME ....

Street No.
or R. F. D. ....

Box .... Town ....

This is a .... Subscription. State ....
New or Renewal

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number). **GOOD FOR ANY TIME.**

No Other Way Can You Earn So Much—Dress So Grand—Build a Big Future!

$60 a Week Easy

How would you like to get such big money and more every week? Wouldn't it be great? Wouldn't you live swell—couldn't you have everything you ever wanted? Just think of it! $60 a week as easy as rolling off a log! You absolutely can't find a position like this anywhere else if you hunt forever. No, not even if you had a pull with everybody. It's a bigger cinch than any politician's. It's the biggest, grandest, most stupendous and absolutely sure money-making position ever offered. We say $60 a week because $60 is positively the least you should make in this position. But if you're as much of a live wire as most of our agents, you ought to double that amount easy. We don't care who you are—we don't care where you live or what you work at now, we prove with the most astounding and convincing evidence that we offer you the biggest-paying position open today.

No Money or Experience

You don't need a single dollar of capital—you don't need anything that we don't supply **free.** This is the house that treats its agents right—the house that supplies you with outfits that do the talking and selling for you—the house that gives you the most novel and remarkable lightning-selling helps ever gotten out. This is the house that supplies you with elegant sales-making presents to give your customers. We do all that and more—we do everything. There isn't a thing known within reason we won't do to make it easy for our agents to make big money. We show you how to sell nine out of every ten you call on. All you have to do is wear the nifty suit we give you free and show our magnificent samples and smashed prices and the sale is closed—your big profit is made. You don't have to be "smooth-tongued." You don't have to be educated. You don't need a big bunch of friends to sell Great Central made-to-measure garments. They sell themselves! You can do it—you can make $60 a week—as easy as our thousands of other agents. We don't care what you are doing now, you needn't give up your job right away. You can make big money on the side, in your spare time. Then when you see how easy it is to make big money, you can devote **all** your time to taking orders for Great Central Clothes and make more money than you ever thought possible.

We Beat Them All

Our agents are the livest lot, the most enthusiastic lot, the most prosperous lot, you ever saw. Talk about orders! They simply pour them in. Why? Because we make it dead easy for them! We wiped competition off the map. When any other agent tries to butt in, our agent simply shows our swell samples, nifty styles, low prices, to get the order quick. The live wire agents are rapidly realizing the advantage of tying up with us—they're throwing away their cheap outfits and coming over with us day by day—over where the big money is easy and the selling smooth—over with the house that's **"First in Everything."** We want you no matter what **you do now.** We'll give you exclusive territory—show you how to be prosperous, independent and the swellest dressed fellow in your town. We will send you our wholesale tailoring outfit, which cost us $76,000.

$76,000 Outfit FREE!

In all your life, wherever you've been, whatever you've seen, whatever you've thought of, you've never beheld such a dazzling, stupendous, magnificent sample display as our famous **"Book of Gold"**—the Masterpiece de Luxe Edition, which we give you free. Think of it! 96 of the niftiest, up-to-the-second styles—the latest things out—the styles every man wants but can't get outside of Chicago and New York except from our agents—styles that are the rage in the metropolis—styles no local tailor can for the life of him duplicate—and 225 of the most gorgeous, elegant, richest patterns you ever laid eyes on—every single one absolutely different and distinctive. We give you this glittering, mammoth **"Book of Gold"** absolutely **free.** We don't charge a cent—you don't make a deposit. It's the grandest and mightiest salesman ever gotten out! It gets the orders where "conversation" would fall down. Our agents are wild about it—amazed, astonished, delighted. **Fink of Arkansas** wrote: "I was absolutely dumfounded." **Martin of South Dakota** wrote: "There isn't any trouble selling for the Great Central." **Lawton of Mississippi** wrote: "It certainly is a corker." No other agent or dealer can get a look-in when you show our sample book of made-to-order suits or overcoats. **When you show up, other agents shut up!** You get the orders—you get the big profits—$60 a week and more.

225 Patterns

Grand Suit FREE!

Made to your own measure from any style and fabric you select, without a cent cost to you. We even pay the express charges. That means just what it says—there's no bluff about it. We simply don't stop at any expense to make our agents successful. Every time we turn around we think of something new to help make big money for them. That's our method—that's why our agents are prosperous—that's why they stick with us—that's why we are positively the largest, strongest and best wholesale tailoring concern of our kind in America. We give you this swell suit or overcoat free because we want you to be the real thing—the fashion model—the style setter in your town and wherever you go. The minute you put it on everybody will notice your classy appearance—your friends and even strangers will ask you where you got it. They will want one like it and you take their order. It's the easiest thing you ever saw. This is no bunk—we're telling you the absolute truth—the experience of all our agents. They tell us how easy they find it and we tell you.

96 Swell Styles

Surest Guarantee Known!

You ought to see our Customer's Assurance Certificate of Guarantee. You've heard about and read about other guarantees, but what do they really guarantee? What good are they? You don't want "conversational" guarantees—your customers don't want common "talk." Not on your life! You want something **legal,** binding, iron-clad, and here's where you get it. Just remember our Customer's Assurance Certificate of Guarantee stands back of every Great Central garment to guarantee we positively refund purchase price if after examination any garment fails to give absolute satisfaction. It guarantees every single garment shipped by us is **tailor-made** especially to order from measurements sent us in each individual case. Remember that we absolutely do not make ready-made garments. We make Great Central garments so far superior to all that every customer is delighted and orders again—nobody ever has a single kick coming. Great Central styles are the work of versatile minds of the cleverest designers high salaries can employ. Our original, classy ideas cost us fortunes every season. The quality of every garment—the unexcelled workmanship and the remarkably perfect fit is the result of brains, ability and care. Any man who wants real swell clothes—wants perfect fit—wants every feature the best—must wear Great Central Clothes. Even competitors will own up to this if you can corner them.

You Can!

Makes no difference what you work at—salesman, clerk, book-keeper, office man, teamster, brick-layer, hod-carrier, driver, tradesman, waiter, farmer, sailor, motorman, or anything else—you can earn big money taking orders for Great Central made-to-measure clothes and we will prove it to you mighty quick if you send the coupon now. **Gannon of Ohio** wrote: "I am pleased to be working for a company so straight in their dealings and do as they advertise they will do." We have hundreds of letters just like this. Don't work any more for a one-horse concern—come with us—connect with

The Big Wholesale Tailors

SMASH Go Prices!

The tariff on woolens has been reduced—and, as always, we are "First in Everything." We pulled off a big trick this season that bewildered, dumbfounded and shamed other manufacturers. We got in ahead of them all with our stupendous orders for the classiest, most exclusive fabrics manufactured by foreign and domestic mills. Again we can undersell everybody $3 to $5 on Suits, Pants or Overcoats. Again we enable our agents to give competitors the laugh and walk away with the orders and profits. Talk about smashing prices! Everybody wonders how we do it!

"How Can You Do It?"

Every day our army of agents write us—"How can you give away such dandy presents?" "The present you sent made a big hit." "The grand presents you give are making steady customers for me." That's how delighted our agents are. There will be many a big surprise for you if you step lively and tie up with this tremendous wholesale house—surprises that will make great big money for you—surprises that no other house would dare attempt. The expense would scare them as white as a sheet. Don't pike along—get the real coin with us.

Mail Coupon Quick

If you want to be a big man, come with the **big house**
the wholesale tailoring business. Join the successful, p
perous, live-wire agents. Tie up with the house that m
a big income easy. Don't stick around
pikers! Don't hang around a hopeless
making big money for somebody el
very little for yourself. You'll
connect with us sooner or
you better do it now and get
early. Come on with us—c
with the money-makers—com
the house that treats you
that enables you to mak
and more a week. Send t
coupon now—this very minu
for remarkable proof and g
ous outfit **FREE!**

Be Sure to Ge
this Wonder
Big Free Boo.

FREE to You
FIRST IN EVERYTHING
1914
The Great Central Tailoring Company
Chicago, U.S.A.
FROM THE HOUSE OF GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES
World's Greatest Wholesale Tailors

No Matter Where You Are, We Can Make You Look Like You Just Stepped From a Large City

We Make Styles To Suit Every Taste

"First In Everything"

Every Garment Made to Measure

Wonderful Free Outfit Coupon
GREAT CENTRAL TAILORING CO.,
Dept. 8 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me Outfit, Suit Offer and everything as stated in your page announcement, absolutely Free and without any obligation to me.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

Cut Out Sign and Mail This Now

The Great Central Tailoring Co., Dept. 8 Chicago